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The Week-end Review

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STRUGGLE FOR THE MIDDLE EAST—I

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N.S. & THE NATION
Kingsley Martin

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The Realm of Possibility

THE climax of the present disarmament negotiations has been reached. The latest statement by the western powers admits that temporary suspension of tests is 'within the realm of possibility.' In the next few days, details of the new western proposals—and the Soviet response they evoke—will be published. On these all will depend. If they lead to an agreement, well and good. If not, the public will conclude that one or both of the opposing camps lacks the will to agree.

Since the Soviet proposals of May 1955, the chasm which separated the two positions has been progressively narrowed. Step by step the Russians have abandoned their contention that disarmament need not be supervised by an effective control and inspection system; and last month, for the first time, they agreed that a cessation of nuclear tests must be controlled. Correspondingly, the West has ceased to insist that any agreement must be comprehensive; and last month, for the first time, President Eisenhower promised that America would accept a limited agreement on suspending tests without waiting for a 'package deal.'

Yet disagreement still exists, and it hinges on one vital point. The control of test-suspension, to which the Russians have now agreed, is a relatively simple matter and need present no insuperable obstacles when the details come to be worked out. But the West insists that to end testing is meaningless so long as the powers continue to produce fissionable material. Further, they argue that a ban on production which is not effectively supervised could give Russia a decisive military advantage, which, from past experience, they claim she would exploit. They therefore insist that a controlled suspension of tests must be linked, in some way, with a controlled suspension of production.

The question is—in what way? Control of production presents major technical problems; and it raises the perplexing question of how to control existing stocks. A watertight agreement on an inspection system for nuclear production would take months—perhaps even years—to negotiate, even if there were good will on both sides. Should the agreement on tests be postponed while these negotiations take place? Clearly not.

But it is on precisely this point that the new western proposals are vague. They do not insist that the test-ban should be postponed until the details of the production-controls have been agreed; but they maintain that the principles on which these controls should be based must be clearly established. Now there is a real difference between 'the principle of control' and 'the principles of the controls'; the latter, indeed, could embrace the substance of the details which will require protracted negotiation. If it does not, the new proposals will constitute an important advance, and will provide real evidence of the West's will to reach an agreement. If Russia then continues to reject even the principle of production control, we should conclude that the Soviet leaders want a test suspension for purely military purposes. But if, on the other hand, western delegates demand detailed agreement on 'the principles of the production-controls' before tests are suspended, we should be forced to regard the new proposals as just one more attempt to delay a settlement.

We should also be able to draw a further conclusion. The last two years have failed to justify the optimism which the Geneva Summit Conference aroused; the world is still cast in the mould Stalin and Truman fashioned. Behind all the disappointments lies a fundamental reluctance in Washington to dismantle the Cold War fortress, which it took so much money and effort to construct, and on whose preservation so many vested interests depend. Moscow is anxious, and for her own good reasons, to enter a contest in which production surpluses count more than stockpiles. But for Washington, an agreement on nuclear tests, even with effective controls, would mean a venture into an unknown world, in which the rituals of the Cold War no longer make sense; in which cherished dogmas—on China, Germany, Nato—would become heresies, and from which patron saints—Adenauer, Chiang Kai-shek, Syngman Rhee—would have to be ejected. For many people in American policy-making, the realm of possibilities is a frightening place. Can it seem more fearful than a world dominated by the nuclear certainties of the arms race?

Comments on the Week's News

Nasser Shows His Other Face

America's new Middle Eastern policy – aimed at breaking up the 'positive neutralist' front – chalked up more successes last week. The last round of the Lebanese elections has ensured a substantial majority for the present pro-western government, and even Mr Malik, the highly unpopular foreign minister, was returned with a substantial majority. In Jordan, the Egyptian military mission – the last relic of the Syria-Egypt-Jordan unified command – has returned home, and the Jordan embassy in Cairo has shut down. In Damascus, the government has been obliged to make an unqualified apology to King Saud by sending its Minister of Defence, Al-Azm, who recently criticised the king in public, on a 'convalescent holiday'. Not surprisingly, in his television interview this week, President Nasser showed himself in a more friendly mood. In recent months his position in the Arab world, at any rate at a government level, has been rudely shaken, and his economic difficulties are growing. Iron Curtain dumping of Egyptian cotton in European markets has forced him to subsidise current cotton exports, and he is desperately short of foreign exchange. At the moment, therefore, he is anxious to resume friendly relations with Britain, both for economic reasons, and to ensure that one great western power has an interest in the survival of his regime. In his interview, Nasser hinted he would welcome a British initiative in restoring diplomatic relations, since he evidently feels unable to make the first move himself. He is unlikely to meet with much response; the British government believe that the momentum of American policy will eventually destroy Nasser or force him to negotiate on their terms, and they are prepared to wait. The interview revealed that Nasser has no intention, as yet, of modifying his policy in three crucial spheres: internal political freedom, economic reform and relations with Israel.

No Smoking?

At this stage there are four comments which can perhaps be usefully made about the MRC report on smoking. First, as to facts: the tobacco interests are already seeking to discredit the validity of the MRC conclusions, largely on the grounds that much remains unknown about the nature of the connection between smoking and cancer and about other carcinogenic factors in modern life. True. But what is known is conclusive, and affirmed with massive scientific authority: 'the most reasonable interpretation' of all the evidence is that tobacco causes lung-cancer and that the more you smoke, the more likely you are to die of this terrible disease. Secondly, as to propaganda: once the MRC conclusions are officially accepted (as they now are), the government cannot rid itself of the responsibility of hammering them home until an advertisement-conditioned public is really aware of the risk. It is all very well to argue that the choice must be personal; but it must also be free, and a free choice becomes possible only if the government counters the advertising of the tobacco firms with equally skilful and persistent propaganda. In particular, a special effort must be made to teach children that smoking is a dirty, dangerous and unnecessary habit. Thirdly, it is obvious that propaganda should be fortified by some administrative steps: the enforcement of existing laws about the sale of tobacco to children is an obvious case in point. There may be other restrictive measures which would be useful and would not be considered unconscionable. What seems to be needed is an objective inquiry, perhaps by a public body comparable with the National Road Safety Committee, into what steps would be both desirable and effective. Fourthly, research: the report offers a sad commentary on the inadequacy of existing cancer-research. Public opinion will rightly demand that the government now makes possible a far greater effort in this field. But what about research also into the causes and cure of tobacco addiction? There is much to be done on these lines and no reason why smokers who desire to drop the habit should not be helped by the Health Service.

Miners and Hungarians

The mineworkers' president, Mr Ernest Jones, was unexpectedly fierce in denouncing those miners who opposed the acceptance of Hungarian mineworkers to fill vacancies in British pits. He compared their attitude to that of the South African mineworkers whose policy of segregation they are accustomed to denounce. To secure the improvements British miners demand, an increase of at least 8,000 to 10,000 workers is needed; but it has been possible so far to place only one in ten of the 2,500 trained Hungarians available. There is economic force as well as sentiment in Mr Jones's appeal for British miners to show that they have not 'lost their passion for international brotherhood.' Mr Jones also used his presidential address to reject sharply the projected 'impartial body' to give advice on wages policy and kindred matters. He said that 'a body which would be used to influence control on only one section in the economy cannot be acceptable to our movement,' and he emphasised that the government could not set aside its own responsibility for controlling unwanted investment and unnecessary spending of an inflationary kind, in whatever section of the economy they might arise. Mr Jones undoubtedly has widespread support among trade unionists. Though the TUC leaders are to meet the Chancellor of the Exchequer again on 17 July, to seek further elucidation, it seems certain that they will reject the government's proposal.

Members' Pay

The government decision on MPs' and ministers' salaries has long been overdue. For at least two years the efficiency of the House has been impaired by the personal struggles of individual members to make ends meet. The real lesson from the undignified squabbles of recent months is not so much that any particular standard of living should be the prerogative of MPs, but that parliamentary salaries should no longer be the object of party horse-dealing. The time has come to equate parliamentary and ministerial emoluments with the salaries of suitably comparable grades in the civil service. There should be no strong objection to any proposal which both secures the purchasing power of salaries at whatever level is now considered suitable and makes it possible to avoid the bitter, and sometimes disingenuous, controversy which this question has hitherto aroused.

Independent Nigeria?

Why cannot Colonial Secretary Lennox-Boyd show some enthusiasm for Nigerian independence? No one supposes that there will be any further British imperialist opposition to the establishment of an independent federal state. But the spirit in which independence is acknowledged is often as important as the fact itself. Yet at the end of the Nigerian conference Lennox-Boyd issued a chilly statement laying emphasis on the difficulties of independence instead of recognising the mutual interest in creating it as early as possible. It would surely have been appropriate to have agreed that, as soon as the Federal House passed a motion asking for independence on a specific date, the British government would have met that demand. The principal gain to emerge from the conference was the early recognition of independence for the Eastern and Western Regions. The other major problems have been remitted to commissions of inquiry. Such matters as the difficult allocation of revenues to the regions, and safeguards for tribal minorities will be reported on at a later date. Thus the next conference may be more important than this one. Certainly minority rights must be protected, but one remembers that the creation of new states in the present regions is also a matter of political advantage to some parties. It would, for example, strengthen the hands of the East and West to see the power of the North broken up.

Elections for Uganda

The constitutional proposals of the Uganda government sensibly provide for nation-wide elections in 1958. This is a change from the previous decision to limit elections to Buganda in that year. It is also a partial victory for the Uganda National Congress. The real struggle in Uganda is between African factions with opposing political views. The feudal royalists of Buganda still have a strong influence and they fear that the development of wider political rights will undermine their power. The politicians, mainly led by the Congress, have not yet dared to strike directly at Buganda feudalism. Nevertheless, their demand for nation-wide elections is in itself a method of substituting politics for tradition. The real issue is whether the Uganda government will dare to take sides with the politicians against the feudalists. National elections are a step in this direction, for they will stimulate that national consciousness on which a unitary state must be based. Yet there are still strong elements in Uganda which favour a federal structure, designed to protect the royal interests of Buganda and other provinces. Another problem remains. In the 1958 elections communal rolls will be maintained. By 1961 it is planned to institute a common electoral roll. The difficulty will be to persuade militant African opinion to permit non-African representation, at least until racial consciousness weakens. This applies especially to the Asian minority of 60,000.

NEXT WEEK

The Struggle for the Middle East
Part II - Britain's New Role

London Diary
J. P. W. Mallalieu

The Life and Times of Tito
Vladimir Dedijer

News from Our Own Correspondents

Washington

Nine Trojan Horses?

The Supreme Court has told Congress to stick to its legislative knitting and leave the trial and punishment of malefactors to the courts. Those who have approved the free-wheeling way in which certain congressional committees have for some time combined the roles of detective, prosecutor, jury, judge, and press agent appear to be as baffled and outraged by the Court's quaint American concept of checks and balances as Torquemada would have been by a royal order to scrap the rack in favour of trial by jury. The air is filled with pained cries of 'usurpation' and 'judicial tyranny.' The duty of Congress to investigate is widely held to have been crippled and the National Association of Attorneys-General is warned by its president that the country has been set back 25 years in its attempt to protect itself against the Trojan Horse of Communism. All in all, as one representative summed it up, the Court's latest batch of decisions 'represent a victory greater than any achieved by the Soviet on any battlefield since the conclusion of World War II.'

So far this hue and cry has produced chiefly a flood of vituperative mail addressed to the justices and a spate of proposals for curbing their alleged lust for power. These include plans like limiting the high court's appellate jurisdiction and making the justices' appointments subject to periodic reconfirmation by the Senate, a scheme that would have their honours permanently up to their chins in politics, as well as such irreverent suggestions as adding a tenth member who might serve as a psychiatrist for the other nine.

With equal enthusiasm, however, the Court's stand has been welcomed in other quarters as a token of the country's recovery from a long fever. In one way or another the responsible papers echo the view of the *Christian Science Monitor* that the decisions 'mark a return to constitutional guarantees of liberty.' With varying emphasis they have been reassuring their readers that the Court has not violated the constitutional system of checks and balances but restored it. It has not attempted to deprive Congress of its right to investigate, but merely reasserted that the purpose of that right is to secure information necessary to the legislative process, not the exposure of individuals as a punishment for behaviour not punishable under the law. It has not freed witnesses from the obligation to answer questions but only denied Congress the privilege of compelling answers to irrelevant questions. Their pertinence is left to the decision of the witness only at his peril, for once their purpose has been explained to him, he may still face a sentence for contempt if a court should later decide that he guessed wrong in refusing to answer.

Finally, it is being pointed out, the Court has not made it impossible to convict Communists for inciting to violence, as its detractors shrilly complain. It has simply made it mandatory for the judge to instruct the jury that in order to convict it must believe that such an incitement took place, and not merely a vague and theoretical advocacy of violence in some far-off, hypothetical situation. On this score it is worth noting that in the trial of the top Communist leaders this caution was included in the judge's charge and the convictions have not been reversed.

In the light of the Court's refreshing but far from novel findings, it is not easy to understand President Eisenhower's hesitant comment. 'I still believe,' he said, 'that the United States respects the Supreme Court and looks to it as one of the great stabilising influences' – although, he added, among its recent decisions 'there are some that each of us has very great trouble understanding.' What seems to have bothered the President in particular was the Jencks case ruling that defendants are entitled to see the full reports concerning them which a prosecution witness has made to the FBI or some other government agency. While this ruling, which J. Edgar Hoover feels would ruin the FBI, may have been too sweeping, it can, and almost certainly will, be modified by congressional action.

ROBERT BENDINER

Jerusalem

Resettling the Refugees

Our Israel Correspondent writes: Mr. Ben-Gurion's denial that secret Israel-Arab negotiations are in progress regarding settlement of the Arab refugees has put an end to the recent speculation of the press here. But there would seem to be more than Cairo propaganda behind the revived debate on refugee resettlement. There is a belief here that with Nasser's growing isolation, the State Department will again broach the question of Arab-Israel peace; and, when they do so, the refugees will occupy a prominent place on such an American agenda. Government circles presently show great wariness in committing themselves on the extent to which Israel is prepared to participate in such resettlement. Ben-Gurion, for instance, said this week that although he believes that such resettlement must be in Arab countries, Israel is prepared to help by paying compensation, offering her accumulated experience in this field, and 'in some other ways'. Whether the 'other ways' include willingness to accept a symbolic number is an open question.

One thing is certain: a solution is brought no nearer by a discussion of the Arab claim that Israel, by coming into being, caused the problem; nor of the Israel counter-claim that the 1948 Arab invasion, with the orders of the Arab High Command to the population to flee, was responsible for the existence of the refugees. The problem remains of these displaced persons, the latest count of whom gives the figure of just over 900,000 (200,000 are children born as refugees) – although Israel holds that the number is substantially less on the basis of the pre-1948 census of the Arab population of Palestine. Equally futile is speculation on the possible reaction of the refugees themselves to resettlement. For years they have been incited and nourished on the prospect of destroying Israel and returning not only to their old homes, but to the loot awaiting them. The recent rout of the Egyptian army in Sinai, and the developing disunity among the Arab states, must have disillusioned them about an early return. The pertinent question today is whether they would be amenable to a resettlement project concretely posed.

From the Israel viewpoint, the most obvious solution would be integration among their brother Arabs in Iraq and Syria. Both countries have large areas of uncultivated, fertile soil with water available: both are underpopulated and need manpower, particularly Iraq. Moreover, settlement in Arab lands amongst people with the same language, religion and culture, would alleviate the usual problems of refugee integration. But this obvious solution has been bedevilled from the outset by political considerations. In social and economic terms, the problem of the Arab refugees should permit of easier solution than any refugee problem of recent times. The funds are available ($200 m. allocated for the purpose by the UN General Assembly have been lying idle for five years), and Israel offers to pay compensation for abandoned property – and even the rents accruing from it in the interim. The fullest international technical aid has been pledged time and again. Missing is the willingness of the Arab governments to accept a solution.

Of the 30-40 million refugees in the world today, the Arabs are the only ones maintained on international funds, and the amount which has been spent on palliatory reliefs during the nine years would have provided a considerable part of the necessary budget for resettlement. Some officials working in this field are expressing doubts about how long the contributing countries will continue to give aid to perpetuate a problem which could be finished without great difficulties, were the Arab will to do so present. And besides, why should they pay for the Arab political struggle against Israel?

Paris

Socialist Apathy

Our Paris Correspondent writes: The heat-wave seems to be the most charitable explanation of the strange apathy shown by the Socialist delegates to the Toulouse congress. It is otherwise impossible to explain how M. Max Lejuene, the Socialist Minister for the Sahara, was allowed to make a speech in which he attacked not merely the Moroccans and the Tunisians, but the fraternal delegate from the Labour Party, Mr. Bevan, (before the latter had even had a chance to greet the congress), without arousing a storm of protest. The same applies to the reception accorded to M. Mollet's main speech. Everyone knows that the SFIO is bitterly divided, and that the anti-Mollet faction controls about 33 per cent. of the delegates. But, for those present during Mollet's speech, it seemed as if the party was behind him to the last man; and when he had finished – having, incidentally, proclaimed that he regretted nothing about the Suez affair, and that his Algerian policy had been completely Socialist and democratic – all the delegates rose to their feet and sang the *Internationale*. It was a sad spectacle, and I quite understand why Mr. Bevan refused to get up and sing with the others.

I asked several anti-Mollet delegates why the opposition was so passive. I was told that there was a tradition in the party not to wash its dirty linen in front of the press and foreign delegates. 'We settle our differences in the private session of the Resolutions Committee.' And when Mr. Bevan asked some of the leaders – who did not belong to the Suez clique – why they were silent, he was told that the majority of Frenchmen still approve of the Suez expedition and that this, therefore, would be bad ground on which to attack Guy Mollet.

I believe that these two replies throw a great deal of light on the sickness of the French Socialist Party and on its feeble submission to M. Mollet. The party has developed a strange clannishness and a false sense of solidarity: it worries more about keeping up appearances and about what others will say than it does about

its own political convictions. In the name of party discipline, the anti-Mollet deputies voted solidly for his government, as they now vote for Bourgès-Maunoury. For the same reasons, the party opposition doesn't make an open struggle, preferring corridor intrigues. Wishing to follow, rather than mould, public opinion, the Socialist Party inevitably falls under the control of an opportunist politician who can be a left-winger one day and a chauvinist the next.

All the same, the Toulouse congress can be interpreted as some kind of success for the minority. M. Gaston Deffert and M. Depreux both moved motions demanding a change in the party's Algerian policy, and they gained twice as many votes as they did at the Lille congress last year. Yet it is premature to speculate about the chances of reversing the majority within the party. M. Mollet is clearly still in charge – and he has little to fear from an opposition that dares not make a frontal attack on him.

Westminster

Former Party Person

'I believe in the law of supply and demand,' said the old man stumbling along a corridor in the House of Commons. 'I'm a Liberal. Never been anything else.' This seemed a surprising statement to come from Sir Winston Churchill, whose changes of political allegiance have been so frequent that he was once known as the floating kidney in the body politic. Conservative, Asquithian Liberal, Lloyd George Liberal, Independent Constitutionist, Progressive Conservative, Die-hard, National leader, Conservative again – Sir Winston has played all these roles, and always on the Number One circuit. Yet, he would claim, the more he has changed, the more he has remained the same.

This may well be true of others who from time to time have changed their parties. At the end of the last century many industrialists were Liberal because the Conservative Party seemed mainly concerned with landowners and farmers; and when Joseph Chamberlain and others at last switched their allegiance from the Liberals, it was because the Conservative Party, and not they themselves, had changed. Similarly the migration from the Liberals to the Labour Party occurred not because Liberals like Lord Haldane had suddenly been converted to Socialism, but because their old party had become too decrepit to be a vehicle for their still unexhausted reformist zeal. Their party had changed but they remained constant. It is not possible, however, to fit Sir Winston into either of these two categories. He has never had vested interests either in the land or in industry. His interest in reform has been spasmodic and unpredictable. He has not, I think, been swayed first to one side and then to another by the wide general considerations which have affected some others. Many men have entered politics full of zeal for a cause, but having only a limited capacity for struggle, have grown tired; or having achieved the objects which were in their mind's eye when they began, they can see nothing else which is worth an effort. Maybe something like this was happening to Labour leaders towards the end of the post-war Labour government. But even at the close of his long career, Sir Winston still retains his relish.

Sir William Jowitt, within a few days of his election as a Liberal in 1929, accepted the position of Labour Attorney-General. Conversely, Mr Ivor Thomas, who had happily served the Labour government as Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Civil Aviation, joined the Conservatives within a few weeks of his dismissal from that post. Lloyd George might have said of Thomas what he did say of Jowitt – that he was obviously backing a bill about unemployment "in order to lend weight to the clause dealing with those who were genuinely seeking work.' But I doubt whether he could ever have said that about Sir Winston.

Other men find themselves almost by accident in a party to which they are temperamentally unsuited. They stick it for at time and then sidle across the floor. Still others may at times feel themselves temperamentally unsuited to any party. Politicians like Mr Bevan, Lady Megan Lloyd George and Lord Stansgate are often irked by the restrictive practices which the party system imposes. Yet they are tied by their temperament to the left and could not conceivably embed themselves in the right. With varying degrees of energy they are natural non-conformists, tending by temperament to be opposed to what is, continually driven to look for what might be. There is, I think, nothing of this in Sir Winston.

What then is and has been in him? He has not followed the usual pattern of beginning on the left and gradually, through age, weariness or the achievement of his aims, moved steadily to the right. He is certainly not like the exceptional Gladstone, who began on the extreme right and moved more to the left the older he got. Perhaps the journalists who are scrambling for seats at an Essex garden party this week-end may be given a clue; for there Sir Winston makes what some people believe will be his last party political speech. However that may be, I suspect that though Sir Winston may be wrong in calling himself a Liberal, he is right in believing that he has changed his party many times without ever changing his principles or, rather, his instincts.

He could conceivably be at home in any party because he has not thought of parties as temples of faith. Rather have they been instruments, suitable when they were in power, rather unsuitable when they were in opposition, by which he could provide himself with a life which was agreeable to him and provide his country with whatever stimulus it seemed from time to time to need. His attitude to parties is like Humpty Dumpty's attitude to words. They are there to be used, not served. By using them, Sir Winston has managed to serve his country; I shall be surprised if ever again anyone else is able to use political parties, or serve his country, in quite the same way.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

'Couldn't we tell them we've discovered a CLEAN *Tobacco?'*

The N.S. and the Nation

THIS journal is commonly known as the NEW STATESMAN, or among the less reverent, the New (or Old) Staggers. Since the NATION, which amalgamated with it 26 years ago, is now seldom mentioned, it has long seemed sensible to drop the cumbersome double-barrelled name, thus saving breath and printer's ink and enabling us to restyle our front page in neater fashion, to release the contents-list from its antiquated cage and to lay stress on items of special moment.

The combination of the two journals in 1931 was more than a marriage of convenience. It was that, of course, since, as rivals, they were never economic propositions, while in double-harness they quickly became financially stable. But it was also a marriage of like minds which signalised a change of political climate. The NEW STATESMAN was founded in 1913 by the Webbs and Bernard Shaw to be the organ of moderate Fabian Socialism. The NATION, born of the great liberal victory of 1906, had in Massingham an editor whose influence was out of all proportion to the small circulation of his journal. Acid and forthright, he supported the new radicalism of Lloyd George, the birth of the Welfare State, Home Rule for Ireland, the People's Budget, and the subjugation of the House of Lords. He fought fiercely against the Liberal imperialism of Grey and Asquith and was always ready to enter the lists for small nations, colonial peoples and other underdogs 'rightly struggling to be free'. The coalition government's betrayal of liberalism (the NATION always called L.G. 'Mr George' after 1918) roused Massingham to fury; and in battles over conscription and conscientious objection, the 1918 election, the Versailles treaty and the Black-and-Tans, the NATION became in effect a Labour paper. Its leading writers after the war were H. N. Brailsford, J. L. Hammond, H. W. Nevinson, H. M. Tomlinson, J. A. Hobson, Leonard Woolf and H. J. Laski. The Rowntrees, good steady Liberals, were not to be blamed for suggesting to Massingham that, since he was no longer of their way of thinking, he should look for other backers for his paper. He failed to make use of this opportunity, and the paper was acquired by the Liberal Summer School group, of whom Keynes and Layton were the moving spirits. They made the mistake of selecting as editor a first-class economist who was too academic for weekly journalism. Keynes leaped at the chance of amalgamation when the NEW STATESMAN chose as editor a recruit who was a Socialist (by which Keynes mainly meant one who was firmly opposed to deflation and was not a free-trader).

The combined journal was able to call upon almost all the leading literary and political critics of the day. Some of them, I am glad to say, survive to write in the present paper. As to title, Keynes urged only that, since the amalgamation was genuine, the two titles should appear on equal terms on the front page. He added that he would not complain if the NATION were dropped when the reality of the amalgamation was established. In fact the joint title has survived much longer than he expected.

There was little political difficulty in the amalgamation. Both journals accepted the necessity of Socialist planning to cure unemployment and they shared a common foreign outlook. The Liberal Party had been killed, partly by the personal quarrel between the Asquithians and the Georgites and partly by the refusal of the older type of Liberal to face the necessity of state interference with private property. These people disliked the prospect of working on terms of equality with the horny-handed sons of toil. But many of the ablest Liberal intellectuals had already joined the Labour Party as the only available instrument for achieving the Welfare State; while the radicals rejoiced in the amalgamation.

Since then the *N. S. & N.* has become identified with the British Left. It has never at any time been a Labour Party organ. It has maintained its independent Socialist outlook and believes that it carries within itself the great tradition of British radicalism, which includes Tom Paine as well as Bentham, Robert Owen as well as John Stuart Mill, Bradlaugh and Webb as well as Massingham. The core of that tradition, whether upheld by those who called themselves Liberals, Radicals, Socialists or Co-operators, is that no change can be too drastic, provided it passes the essential test. This test is that it contributes more happiness, more welfare, more of the reality of human freedom. It is because British Socialism, in spite of lapses, acknowledges this liberal test that the *N. S. & N.* can now, without any change of outlook, call itself simply the NEW STATESMAN.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

Tito's Road to Socialism

RETURNING to Yugoslavia after five years, I am struck by how greatly the standard of living has improved. There is not only more and better food and basic necessities; there is more gaiety. Women's clothes are smarter; there are refrigerators, washing machines, motor bikes, pressure cookers and even infra-red grills in the shops. How far is this due to the policy of decentralisation through workers' councils, whose first five years has just been celebrated at a national congress in Belgrade? In my view, quite a lot; not because the workers' councils are performing miracles of efficiency. On the contrary, their 1,700 delegates have spent the Congress listing their own considerable deficiencies. Productivity, they admit, is low; quality often poor and prices high. This is probably inevitable for years in a country where raw materials are scarce and manpower for the new factories has had to be recruited from a peasant class completely lacking in industrial tradition, discipline and skills. But the workers' councils are important because they are the instruments of public ownership in a market economy. The factories are now producing – and charging – what the market will bear, not what some detailed central plan has itemised. And 'the market' is hungry for consumer goods. Of course there is a central investment plan; and up to now investment has been effectively controlled by syphoning off into the federal and local budgets and investment funds a large part of factory earnings. From there it is lent back to the workers' councils, through the banks, at varying rates of interest in accordance with the central plan. This has meant that workers' participation in management, though genuine, has been limited. But big changes are being planned. Delegate after delegate at the Congress demanded greater control by the workers' councils over their own revenues and over wages policy (at present closely controlled by federal regulations).

Congress resolutions are only advisory but there is no doubt these demands will be met, since Tito himself voiced them in his opening speech. The party line is clearly for still greater decentralisation of administration and investment, while anarchy is to be prevented by monetary controls. This is Tito's alternative to bureaucracy and the police state. Economically it is a gamble. The emphasis is all on greater incentives and bigger differentials, to encourage higher output and to reward skill. This means more consumer goods, many of which must be imported till output can be raised. Can Yugoslavia afford it? For the time being she has been immensely helped by the settlement of her reparations claims against West Germany, which are being met partly in German consumer goods. It is a race against time which Tito's economic advisers are determined to win. Already ministers claim that the new incentive wages scheme, now being tried out in building, mining, state farms and commerce, has led to big increases in productivity. Politically, the new system of management can transform Communism. To western Socialists its increasing emphasis on monetary rather than physical controls is disconcerting: to the Soviet Union its greater freedom is anathema.

It would be wrong to dismiss 'workers participation' as a façade. The workers, both through the factory councils and through the local elected peoples' committees (with which the factory councils co-operate closely), do freely and genuinely make a large number of economic and social decisions – e.g. whether to increase bus fares in order to get a better service; to subsidise or not to subsidise; how rewards shall be distributed. As a result the whole atmosphere is freer and more relaxed.

Workers' councils, in fact, have caught on. Tito's opening speech to the delegates, with its scarcely veiled attacks on Yugoslavia's Soviet critics as 'apologists of dogmatism of a doubtful origin,' who 'now dispute the value of our system of workers' self-government,' delighted his audience. Indeed, one of the highlights of the Congress was the war of words waged during three hours of speeches from fraternal delegates. Mr Grishin, of the Soviet trade unions, led the way with a 45-minute apologia for 'democratic centralism.' As one eastern satellite visitor after another stumped to the rostrum in his wake to list woodenly their achievements on the Soviet model, the delegates' fury could scarcely be restrained. Their whisperings and mutterings struck the most spontaneous note of the whole conference. And when the Polish delegate reached the rostrum, pent-up anti-Sovietism raised the roof. It is not surprising that, after Tito, Loga-Sovinjski, head of the Polish TUC and one of Gomulka's right-hand men, topped the Congress popularity poll. Speaking with great deliberation he assured delegates that Tito's words to Congress 'are in complete harmony with our own convictions,' that 'every step you make ahead is at the same time our victory.' Watching the display of frantic cheering, I found it very odd that Djilas has been cast out for having 'embarrassed' Yugoslavia's delicate relations with the Soviet Union. Tito may assure Ed Murrow of CBS that the aims of Yugoslavia and the Soviet Union are still the same, but no one attending this Congress could doubt that he is drawing considerable satisfaction from the havoc which his new 'road to Socialism' is causing in the Soviet bloc.

BARBARA CASTLE

London Diary

I'm glad about the row over telephone-tapping. But I wonder whether it is the right row. Everyone seems to put it on the basis of expediency. How much (or how little) tapping do we need? Should it be limited to treason? Should it be used against 'serious crime?' I understand that the privy councillors will investigate the present practice without making any recommendations for the future. But to my mind there is a question they must face first – or be barred at the outset: is it legal? I thought this had been settled for good and all by the case of General Warrants. In *Entick v. Carrington,* Lord Chief Justice Camden laid down law which is surely still good. He said: 'If it is law, it is to be found in our books. If it is not found in our books, it is not law.' Is telephone-tapping to be found in our books? Camden rejected the argument of 'state-necessity.' He rejected the argument that general warrants had been used for a long time. He rejected the argument of the prerogative. What is left by which tapping can be justified? Absolutely nothing. Here is a chance for those Conservatives who claim to be friends of British liberty, British law, British traditions. Telephone-tapping can, of course, be legalised by act of parliament. Until then it is illegal; and those who suffer from it can, I think, claim damages from the Home Secretary. Who will be the John Wilkes of our day?

* * *

In the course of an irresponsible and, I daresay, ill-spent life, I have learnt one counsel of wisdom. Never defend yourself. Write a book or article, make a speech. And then let it go. Never try to catch up on a misunderstanding; this only makes it worse. Now a new form of defence has been invented which arouses my admiration. In the June number of *Encounter* Hugh Trevor-Roper analysed the synthetic religion which Arnold Toynbee preaches in the later volumes of his *Study of History*. This seemed to be a cautious and scholarly article, precise in its references, deadly in its conclusions. I said to myself: unanswerable – though perhaps not worth doing at such laborious and ruthless length. But the July *Encounter* has an answer: a certificate of good conduct for Arnold Toynbee from his son. This opens a wide and attractive prospect. For instance, John Muggeridge might assure us that, contrary to the general belief, his father in fact suffers fools gladly. Llewellyn Thomas might issue a statement to the press that Caitlin's account of herself is a grotesque, though entertaining, fiction. All the children of all the angry young men would announce that their fathers were neither angry nor young. I am having a standard form printed which my sons can sign and send to indignant viewers when *Free Speech* resumes on 15 September. An awkward doubt remains. Trevor-Roper's article rested on what Toynbee wrote. I am not shaken by the assurance that Toynbee is altogether admirable in private life. But I must declare my interest. The best thing in Hugh's article was the description of Toynbee's creed as 'the religion of mish-mash.' The phrase was mine.

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Of course there are stimulating ideas in Toynbee's monstrous work. One was Archaism – the idea that a civilisation in decline tries to re-create an earlier stage in its history. Politics are having an archaistic phase at the moment: they are trying to return to the happy days of the 18th century. I have no doubt that Mr Macmillan sees himself as Henry Pelham, if not as the supposedly great Sir Robert Walpole, though I doubt whether he will last as long. This explains why he has taken Sir Lewis Namier as his adviser on practically everything. Just consider the parallels. Honours and appointments go to Mr Macmillan's relatives or to those who entertain him by talking amusingly at lunch. Sinecures abound, from the nationalised industries to television and broadcasting. We are back at pocket boroughs, with watering places at one end of the scale and mining constituencies at the other. Just get a safe seat, and you are in for life. There is, of course, a serious and real reason for this. Politics, as in the 18th century, have ceased to be about anything except the struggle for jobs. The 18th century had an occasional row over foreign affairs. We had a splutter over Suez. Otherwise it is just the same. They argued whether to protect Hanover; we worry about Germany. At home we all want things to go on and on just as they are. The Labour party, according to its latest scheme, is now keen on buying ordinary shares. Most Tories have done so already.

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I have had wild daydreams. And some of them have come true. I have spoken from the platform of the Free Trade Hall. I have been described as 'the well-known television star' by a former prime minister. Not in my wildest dreams did it occur to me that I should become a hero to the Beaverbrook press. But it has happened. I recently tried to analyse the difficulties of the Left in foreign policy before the war. And the Beaverbrook press has hailed me as discovering that the Left were the real Guilty Men. Very smart, but it won't do. The leaders of the Labour party are, I think, mistaken if they claim that they supported rearmament. Only Hugh Dalton has a clean record here. But great armaments alone would not have made the difference. In fact they would have made things worse. Lord Beaverbrook, if I understand him, preached great armaments so that Hitler would be afraid to attack us. What would have happened then? Hitler would then have turned east. He would have conquered Russia. And we should all have been done for. As it was our armaments were exactly right, though by luck not by management. Just weak enough to tempt Hitler to attack us; just strong enough to fend him off until Russia and America came into war. The hard truth about the situation before 1939 is that whatever we did was wrong. There was no right course. The choice was not between the wise and unwise, but between the honourable and dishonourable. The men in power chose the second. And little good it did them.

* * *

The beginning of July is always a gay time for the academic. The university term is over. Our students, our intrigues, our worries all forgotten until October. But we shall have worries all right. I don't mean the bulge and the overspill and all that. All the universities are in for fierce financial problems. They have dutifully expanded. And in any case their administrative staff has increased automatically according to the workings of Parkinson's Law. Now the University Grants Committee has told them that their grant is not going up in proportion. Why? At Oxford we had the bright idea that this was to hold us in check for the benefit of the Redbrick universities. But not at all. London University too is in the same difficulty. The explanation is simple. The University Grants Committee started by asserting university claims against the Treasury. It has become a conciliation committee, straddling between the two contestants. Soon it will go over to the stronger side and become an instrument for Treasury control over the universities. However, there is a remedy. The universities will create a Committee for the Defence of Universities from the University Grants Committee. There will be twice as many people sitting on committees. At first the Defence Committee will win. Then it too will start to conciliate. We shall create a new committee for defence against the Defence Committee. And so on.

* * *

Meanwhile at Oxford we have our particular worry. Our buildings in Headington stone are all crumbling away. With some exceptions. Magdalen, my own college, Merton, and one or two others have providently kept their buildings in repair, at the cost of other things such as more fellowships and scholarships. The rest have shut their eyes to decay and lived like the prodigal son. The university for instance could have restored the Sheldonian if it had done without some laboratories which disfigure the Parks and which emit noxious fumes, when not designing hideous weapons of destruction. Now there is a nation-wide appeal. And the wise virgins are to get nothing. This seems wrong to me. However, I have one bit of good news. Keble, being built of brick, is the best preserved building in Oxford. This is as it should be. Keble is, I think, the only architectural work of the last hundred years in Oxford worth looking at. All the rest – prison-Gothic, Cotswold-Gothic, Shopkeepers'-Georgian, Scientists-Imperial – are nothing or worse than nothing. How I wish they were all in Headington stone and would quickly crumble away.

A. J. P. Taylor

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

He admitted to liking the Poles tremendously. 'They are just like us – hard to get to know but, underneath, absolute dears.' – Report in *Manchester Guardian* of statement by Sir Laurence Olivier. (Owen Lewis.)

Manchester policemen are not allowed to remove their tunic jackets because their trousers are of a pattern requiring braces. – *Manchester Evening News.* (Mrs O. S. Harland.)

The Earl of Home, Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations, introducing the Pakistan Prime Minister, said: 'He coxed his college boat at Oxford – and I'm told he sings Gilbert and Sullivan in his bath, which immediately makes us take him to our hearts.' – *Evening Standard.* (Benjamin Carr.)

Something seemed odd when I met actress Dora Bryan and her poodle Sambo. At last I realised what it was: dog and mistress were both wearing the same kind of nail varnish.

On Dora it looked good. On Sambo . . . well, he looked just a little self-conscious. – *News Chronicle.* (Anita Finesilver.)

A young couple I know have taken their tortoise with them on a motor-cycle holiday tour. He has his own box on the back of the machine. I wish more tortoise-owners would take such care of their pets at holiday time. – Letter in *Daily Mirror.* (B. C. Bezant.)

The Duke of Bedford has a new juke box 'open to the public' at Woburn Abbey. The first one went back to the dealers. It was losing money. – *Daily Herald.* (Joseph Cole.)

The Rev. Richard Wesson, of St. Andrew's, Luton, is appealing to parishioners to have their motor cars and motor cycles sprinkled with holy water.

. . . 'If my people have their cars and motor cycles blessed I am convinced that it will help road safety.'—*The Times.* (J. Tizard.)

Family Album

'For the Empire Family Album . . .Together at Windsor.' (*Daily Express* caption for photograph of Commonwealth premiers etc. at Windsor.)

Bring me the album, Algy,
From under the window-seat:
It's probably rather dirty
And certainly incomplete . . .
Cricket at Lord's – calypso –
Your father . . . it broke his heart;
And I – for he died a dipso –
Was spared for the harder part. . . .

Now you will see what I mean, dear,
(Let's have a little more light)
Standing quite close to the Queen, dear,
That's Mr. Louw – he was *white;*
Quite a big shot from Pretoria,
Almost as pallid as you –
No, dear, that isn't Victoria:
That was Elizabeth II.

Yes, even then there were Asians –
Who? Bring it nearer, dear boy:
Practising Public Relations,
Next to Nkrumah – *Sir Roy;*
Well, when the whole thing exploded,
All of us backed the wrong horse:
Roy went the way that poor Louw did –
Quite unexpected, of course. . . .

REGINALD REYNOLDS

Accents

BECAUSE I spent the first 20 years of my life in the north of England I speak with a northern accent – and a very good accent it is too. You can read poetry properly with this accent, for it contains all the vowel sounds. In those scratchy old records of Tennyson reading his poems, you can just hear the northern vowels, deep and rich and true. If I had entered some branches of the civil service I might have had to change my accent; I heard of one department that allowed Scots and Irish accents but rigidly excluded Yorkshire, Lancashire, Cockney, and other common stuff; but being my own man I have been able to speak as I pleased. When I am mimicked or when anecdotes about me, generally untrue, are repeated at dinner tables, I am made to speak broad Yorkshire or even the rather thin, slightly nasal accent of the urban West Riding; and both of these are quite wrong – as experts in English pronunciation have admitted to me – and indeed my voice is not easy to imitate. Sometimes I have difficulty with it myself.

The only time I venture into broad Yorkshire is when middle-class mothers, at tennis parties, tell me what a worry and expense it is educating children nowadays. "We simply daren't send them to the local school of course," they cry, "because they'd pick up an accent." And then I reply: "Ay, they would an' all." Most of these worried mothers appear to make no distinction between a regional accent and mere slovenly speech, a shambles of diphthongs and murdered consonants, sometimes bad enough to render the cries of school-children unintelligible. Speech of this sort, very much a product of our recent urban life, an ugly Admass jabber, cannot be defended. But a genuine regional accent, with a particular landscape in it, adds flavour and salt to a man's talk. It is as sensible to rob oneself of it as it would be to submit to an operation giving one a Grecian nose. Most of the men I have known who have risen through their own merit have had at least some trace of a regional accent. The hills or plains, the heather or apple orchards, they knew in their childhood still find a way into their voices.

Most of the distinguished elders of my profession had strongly marked regional accents, and would have been the despair of tennis party mothers. Dublin spoke, most richly too, through Shaw and Yeats. Wells's squeak, not unlike that of some impudent lively Punch-and-Judy character, was Kentish and Cockney. There were traces of the same accent, with Kensington refinements, in Chesterton. For all Arnold Bennett's smart man-of-the-world-and-Savoy-Grill nonsense, Staffordshire broke through his stammer, especially its sharp consonants. Barrie, wheezing in his cloud of pipe smoke, may have forgotten Forfarshire, but his voice hadn't. You could make a fine collection of regional accents, in the highest literary circles, when I first came to London.

Much can be learnt about men through the ear. For example, there is the false accent belonging to nothing but ambition. A man begins with a regional accent, feels that it is a handicap, and then begins mucking about with his vowels and slurring his consonants until he believes he has successfully superimposed upon the accent of his youth what he thinks is the manner of speech of the best people, the governing class, the upper crust. What he actually achieves, at least nine times out of ten, is an accent so palpably false that every speech he makes is a warning against putting any trust in him. It announces his ignoble shame, his determination to get on at all costs, his treachery to his parents and his childhood. And England, where accents appear to mean so much more than they do in other countries, is loud with these false voices, promising anything for 30 shillings or a vote. Never never trust them. A man who will cheat himself out of the speech of his boyhood may not hesitate to humbug the shareholders and swindle the electorate.

I do not include in this condemned category all those people – actors, radio announcers, demonstrators, salesmen and receptionists – who for the sake of their work learn to speak a characterless standard English, a vocal luncheon meat as compared with the steaks, sirloins and chops of regional speech. All I ask is that they should know when to stop, somewhere not far from the BBC announcer level, and not begin talking like a duke and a duchess in a touring musical comedy. Or indeed like the old leading ladies of musical comedy, who would sing: "Ai'm serch a seely when the mee-yoon comes ai-out." This accent lingers in odd corners. During the war I had to open several British Restaurants – and ectually aivery taime the manageraiss spai-oke laike thet. Men who talk for a living should try for a plain rather than a fancy accent, if only because they will be more easily understood and enjoyed by people from the Dominions and America. I have done a great deal of overseas broadcasting in my time, together with much lecturing in English to foreign audiences, and such success as I have had owes little to my charm or wisdom, almost everything to my northern accent, to keeping my vowels open.

Much of the world-wide dislike of the English ruling class is born in the ear. Too many of its members sound insufferable. Some voices, at once insolent, over-bearing and idiotic, ask for a revolution. The women are worse than the men, and it is when they arrive in a colony that secret societies begin plotting rebellion. Some of these women have voices that are the aural equivalent of a rude hard stare; they hardly inflect them at all; they are always at the top of them; and in country railway stations and the entrances to theatres and restaurants, these women shout at one another, not caring how many strangers are wincing. They may be brave good women, loving wives, devoted mothers, but to anybody with sensitive hearing they are horrors. As soon as black, brown and yellow people learn a little English, they tell these women to go home. Once these brazen-throated monsters are at home, they attend Conservative rallies and clamour for more flogging and hanging.

There is a military voice that I cannot hear to this day without thoughts of mutiny. It is deliberately thin, hard, flat, inhuman. You could make a rifle out of it. "Affichs—nan-camissioned affichs – an' main!" it cries to the assembled brigade, before congratulating the troops – and God knows why – on their steadiness in the ranks. Even generals who were once private soldiers, and so presumably once spoke like men and brothers, acquire this voice somewhere on their way up, flattening and hardening away with every new star, crown and pair of crossed swords. After all our military reforms, arriving at cafeteria service and sergeant-majors who look and talk like junior solicitors, one would imagine that this horrible voice would no longer be heard, but no, it is still with us. Is there some back room in the Imperial Staff College where a sinister elocution master is at work?

The elaborate drawl of the Victorian heavy swell may have gone for ever, but, against all prophecy, almost every other variety of fancy accent, suggesting social grandeur, can still be heard; and radio, total war and the welfare state have not brought us nearer to a classless accent. Indeed, I cannot help feeling that we are more class-and-accent conscious than we were 15 or even 20 years ago, further away from the genuine social democracy, sharing one accent, of the Dominions. Because our society is closing in again, gathering round the central citadel of the Establishment, an ambitious young man must be careful not only what he says but also how he says it. "Hear, hear!" might help, but "Heah, heah!" might be even better. Leading Tory politicians may be compelled now to smirk at us on the telly, but the old plummy diphthongs are still there, with never a hint of pasture or moorland, farm or factory, in their speech.

Not that I am prejudiced against every variety of upper-class accent as such. I liked the genuine old style, which was vigorous and racy and not too far removed from the soil. Over 30 years ago, when I first lived in the country, I would be invited to make a fourth at bridge by the local squiress, an old lady and a member of an ancient landed family. Her speech always delighted me – her "gals" and the rest of it – just because it was so downright, so full of character and atmosphere, so different from the "Mistah Chahman" rubbish. And now and again, attending some great public dinner, generally organised for the benefit of some charity, I found myself sitting next to some old peer, a kind of crusty rural character, and nearly always I listened with pleasure to his plain hearty talk, shaped and coloured to some extent by all the time he had spent with gamekeepers and foresters. Proust of course heard the same rural strain in the speech of his landed aristocrats.

The oldest accent, however, must be sought elsewhere. We heard it, if we are old enough, in the theatre. It belonged to the old tragedians. To speak it properly you have almost to make a face like the classical tragic masks. It contains far more than its share of short "a" sounds.

Gloster's opening speech in *King Richard The Third* would run like this: 'Nah ez th'wanter av ahr dascantant Med glahrious sammer by this san av Yark.' Anybody old enough to remember this accent in the theatre, I am convinced, has listened back through the centuries. One generation of players taught the next, passing on a mode of speech that had ceased to exist outside the playhouse. Theatrical tradition is largely oral. I remember, in the middle Twenties, becoming the leading patron, for the best part of a week, of a genuine troup of barnstormers, the last I ever saw; and for most of their pieces they had no prompt books: the younger generations, playing small parts at first, learnt the words and business of the leading parts, played by their elders, on the stage itself. Professors who lecture on the Drama nearly always seem bewildered by the indifference of the old dramatists to the printed word, their lack of concern about neatly edited editions of their plays. Such scholars, nourished on print, overlook this oral tradition.

Finally, a note on the famous Oxford accent, still heard, in its old accepted form, among Church of England parsons. But in Oxford itself, it seems to me, there is a new accent. I can give a fair imitation of it but find it difficult to describe. There is no longer any drawl in it, no languid or supercilious lingering. Indeed, it *pushes*, working like a little steam engine from somewhere at the back of the mouth and up near the roof. But the front of the mouth, the lips, do not do any work; this is no Central School of Speech Training method, no Dame Peggy fluting nor Sir Laurence trumpeting. The lips are almost rigid, the teeth almost clenched, so that all this steam-engine pushing at the back produces a rather breathless effect, with a good many intrusive aitches arriving out at the front and behind them a suggestion of a rather cavernous nasal tone. So " I do feel you are wrong " (a fairly typical statement) becomes in this accent: " I-hi der-ho fer-heel you are wrer-hong." But the " wrer-hong " has a sort of echoing clang, as if a bronze giant were contradicting you from the other end of a vast building. It is a fascinating accent, deserving close analysis, but now I must stop. And if you imagine I am saying to myself " Nah, Ah moost stop," then you are wrer-hong.

J. B. PRIESTLEY

Fleet Street Notebook

THE Medical Research Council's report on smoking and cancer faced Fleet Street with one of those situations, often dreamed up by its more hostile critics, in which advertising revenue and the public interest came into headlong collision. Those critics who have wagged warning fingers at me from time to time have never been in any doubt as to the result. They were always convinced that advertising would win.

It is pleasant to report that they have on this occasion been proved wrong. I am bound to say I opened the newspapers on the morning the report was published with some apprehension. Thinking of all those millions spent annually with newspapers by the cigarette manufacturers and of the immense vested interest Fleet Street has in the tobacco habit – especially at a time when the maintenance of advertising revenue is of more importance to the solvency of most newspapers than at any time since Sir Walter Raleigh had a jug of water thrown over him – I found myself wondering how editorial integrity would stand up to the strain. I need have had no doubt. I could find only one newspaper – the *Daily Sketch* – which made the slightest attempt to minimise the gravity of the report or suggest that readers ought not to take it too much to heart. 'Smoking. Don't let them panic you,' the *Sketch* headlines shrieked all over its front page. And its 'News Editorial' announced, 'If the government won't give advice this newspaper will. The advice of this newspaper is: Don't let them panic you.' Another headline, white on black for greater impact on the unwitting reader, 'No Proof, Says Trade.'

But if the *Sketch* behaved in some of its treatment of the report as one might have expected it to do, it is only fair to say that it also published the Medical Research Council's report in full inside the paper and modified its 'Don't let them panic you' theme with the warning 'The safe limit may be 15 cigs a day. Make it 25 – and you are in danger.' As for the other popular national papers they all without exception went out of their way by the use of the largest headlines and the blackest type to emphasise just how dangerous is the habit their largest advertisers spend millions to inculcate. I think this ought to be noted in mitigation when the next spate of criticism of our 'commercialised press' begins.

It is of course true that to have done otherwise would have made Fleet Street a sitting target for its critics. But it is worth pointing out that although in its news stories Fleet Street quite naturally plugged the theme set by the Ministry of Health that it is for the individual to decide for himself in the light of the facts made known, it went much further than the government in most leading articles. The burden of the great majority of these was that the government was trying to escape its responsibility and that it ought to do much more not only to warn cigarette smokers but to try to prevent young people from contracting a habit which has been no less helpful to Fleet Street budgets than to the National Exchequer.

It is true that the *Daily Express* argued that 'there should be no question of the government organising an anti-smoking crusade. The public must be left to make its own choice.' But it was almost alone in so doing. 'Call in Dr Hill' demanded the *Mirror*, proclaiming its own special responsibility as the paper with 'more young readers than any other.' 'Does the government really think that the immense official responsibility of educating the public about smoking and cancer can be passed on to the local health authorities?' it asked. And the *Mail* declared 'It is the duty of the government to warn smokers by every possible means of the risks they may be running. But they seem oddly reluctant to do so.'

The *News Chronicle* was even more emphatic, 'This is literally a life and death matter', it urged. 'Yet the statement to the House was muted to the point of being casual . . . It is not enough to publish the report and mention the findings of the committee. If the findings are accepted they must be hammered home, day in, day out, until the truth is grasped.'

There may have been some gloom in the offices of advertising managers but I do not think anyone can claim that the smoke-infested editorial offices of the majority of the popular press did not rise to the situation. Lighting another cigarette, editors and leader writers spared no pains to drive the message home. I have criticised the popular press for a good deal for many things. I expect to do so very often in the future. But on this occasion I am proud to be able to report that it has behaved so creditably.

I can't help thinking the Duke of Edinburgh must have felt a little morose when he read the newspapers on Monday. A minor missed cue in an otherwise extremely polished television performance lasting 75 minutes – and anyone who has ever performed on television knows what that involves – made all the headlines. 'Duke Fluffs His TV Show' was the theme, though the *Mail* said kindly 'Just Once' and the *Herald* added 'But He's Smashing.' As for the *Sketch*, whose circulation has now risen to the new record of 1,314,000, his small mistake was far and away the most important news the world had to offer that day. 'The Duke's TV Boob', it shrieked all across its front page in its largest and blackest type. Of course, those who read newspapers for duty or pleasure are well aware that whenever royalty is about, the popular press tends to lose whatever hold it may otherwise have of a sense of proportion. How else can one explain the normally sensible *News Chronicle* which, on a day full of important news last week, led the paper with a deep headline across eight columns 'Queen And Duke In Crash?' All that had happened was that at a road junction in Staines the royal Lagonda had just touched a small Morris and broken the glass of an offside spot light. The *News Chronicle* had the story to itself – it was too minor an affair even for the Staines police to know of it. This exclusivity may have justified a little special treatment. But 'Queen and Duke In Crash' across eight columns – really, really.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

Mutant Virus

A CIRCULAR has been issued by the United Nations advising everyone at the Palais des Nations at Geneva to go to the medical officer and have vaccinations against 'Asian Flu.' Supplies of the vaccine are also available for the families of UN employees and for delegates attending the ILO and other conferences now in progress. This is a wise and necessary precaution: the flu virus can travel as fast as the fastest aircraft which brings human carriers from the epidemic regions to the international concourse of Geneva, to pass it on to other delegates dispersing to their own countries.

This precaution shows the concern with which the World Health Organisation regards the rogue flu virus which, a mutation of familiar types, has swept through the Far East and has now been imported into Australia, Europe and North America. So far, the death-rate has been low in relation to the number of cases, but no flu expert can predict that it will remain a mild form. The WHO is therefore mobilising the health services, not only in those areas where it is now prevalent, but of the northern hemisphere where the cases are at present sporadic but may become epidemic this autumn when the flu 'season' begins in earnest. No doctor can forget the pandemic of 1918-19 when at least 15,000,000 people died and about the only place which escaped was St Helena. In the early months of 1918, the influenza had no unusual properties but, by June, it had become virulent enough to kill young adults and in the ensuing months the epidemic grew to a massacre on a world-scale. The virus had grown by what it fed on – maybe it gathered, from the war-debilitated peoples, the strength to kill the better-nourished peoples.

That is unlikely to happen again. The virus may become virulent in its migrations, but the WHO has equipped the nations to stop it. Mindful of the ravages of 1918, one of the first things which the WHO did, in 1947, even before its existence as a specialised agency of the UN was ratified, was

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SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

to set up a network of influenza laboratories – including the World Influenza Centre, at Mill Hill, London, and another in the United States. Immediately influenza appears anywhere specimens are sent to WHO centres to be identified; the virus is cultivated and sent out to 46 public health laboratories throughout the world; vaccines are immediately produced and held in readiness for the arrival of the infection. As a second line of defence, public health departments accumulate antibiotics which, ineffective against the actual virus, can still prevent deadly complications.

Since 1947 that has been the standard practice. Every member government of WHO has co-operated with alacrity. This time there was a dangerous loophole – thanks to the political stupidity which bars Red China from WHO, as well as from the UN and all its agencies – as though pestilence had any ideology or recognised frontiers. Consequently China has neither right nor duty to report its communicable diseases to the world authority.

It is now known that Asian Flu was raging in north China in January, had spread to Shanghai by February and to Canton by March. In that month the virus had already been identified by Chinese virologists as a new strain, unlike the familiar ones against which vaccines were already available. This important finding was not known to the rest of the world's flu experts until the virus, having spread to Hong Kong, with 500,000 cases and 44 (known) deaths, reached Singapore, in May. A specimen sent to the World Influenza Centre in London revealed that while the newcomer responded to a 'fixation test' for the well-known 'Influenza A', it was quite unrelated; it was a mutation. A vaccine, specific to the new virus, was quickly prepared by injecting throat-washings from victims into chicken embryos – half-incubated hen's eggs – and antibodies (resistant factors) were produced which, given to humans, provided protection. The first priorities were given to Australia and South Africa, then entering on their winter flu season. Specimens were distributed to 46 centres, including Russia. The WHO is now awaiting reports from the USSR, where biologists have developed a method of their own. While other countries use dead vaccine (antibodies without any living viruses), Russian scientists attenuate the virus (cultivate a highly modified strain) which will produce the antibodies in the human body without provoking the disease itself. The virus material is dried and blown up the person's nose as dust. It will be interesting to see whether the Russian method will be successful with the new mutant.

How did the mutation occur? Mr N. W. Pirie, FRS, has suggested in the *Lancet* and Professor S. C. Harland has supported the suggestion in this journal, that the virus mutation may have been due to the increased radiation from nuclear tests. Experts here in Geneva certainly do not dismiss the possibility, though they cannot endorse it; they simply do not know. Nor can they (at present) hazard a guess as to how new strains, similar to the Asian strains, came to be found among crews of ships of the US navy in the Atlantic. Neither the ships nor their crews had been anywhere near the far eastern epidemic centres.

An alternative suggestion, of great significance to epidemiologists, comes from Holland. Dr Mulder of Leyden has announced a clear case of Asian Flu which a laboratory worker contracted from a ferret. (The first big advance in influenza virus-research came in the mid-Thirties when a ferret sneezed in the face of Dr Stuart Harris at the National Institute for Medical Research, London, and gave him human influenza.) The Dutch ferret had been infected with a virus isolated from a passenger arriving from Indonesia. This shows how highly infectious the new strain is. The interesting thing, however, is that antibodies against the new strain have been found, already existing, in the blood of old people, between 70 and 84 years of age.

This is extremely significant because it means that at some time they have been infected by a virus similar to this one. And the 'at some time' may well have been the world pandemic of 1889. This followed a long period, from 1860 onwards, when influenza had practically disappeared. Then it broke out all over the world, like the 1918-19 pandemic, with the difference that mortality was low because the virus was mild. Can this be the same virus back again after 68 years? This would fit in with recent experience of 'virus switches.' Strains disappear and reappear. Vaccines which gave protection in 1943 (Influenza A) gave none at all in 1947. Since 1947, the viruses have changed gradually. In 1951, there were two types of virus, 'Liverpool' (because it first appeared with deadly results there) and 'Scandinavian.' The 'Liverpool' strain has died out and has been replaced by descendants of the 'Scandinavian' strain. But that was not a major jump like that of the Asian virus.

Something queer has happened. Is it a throwback to 1889 or is it a freak produced by radiation? Nobody can say.

Geneva. RITCHIE CALDER

The Arts and Entertainment

New Talents

AT the Bristol Old Vic last week we watched the debut of a new dramatic talent which – I have no hesitation in risking the prophecy – will go far. Mr John Hall has another play, *The Lizard on the Rock*, being produced at Birmingham Rep next week and on the strength of that play (which has been published by Methuen at 10s. 6d.), and his present play, at Bristol, *The Strangers*, he was awarded a bursary by the Arts Council.

The Strangers is an odd, disturbingly exciting piece, which unpeels for a moment the layers of skin which decently cover our everyday life, and reveals the raw nerves underneath. On four young people, two pairs of sister and brother, holidaying in a Cornwall cottage, intrude two strangers. The first is a sad, pathetic little figure, a librarian from the North, who speaks in the stilted language of the self-educated and in the uncompromising terms of the self-enclosed. Margaret Muir is touched by his isolation, and her generosity to him irritates her fiancé Bernard Garrison, a young politician on the make who is too busy with his career to bother about unimportant people. This streak in him brought out by the encounter is the one nasty thing about him that Margaret has been trying to hide from herself.

Her brother Roger, an opinionated but likeable young rebel who is half engaged to Bernard's sister Pamela, has his nose put out of joint by the second stranger, a young peer staying in the 'posh' hotel down the coast. He, too, when he appears, speaks with the special intensity of the self-enclosed. But the accent is different. He is accompanied always by a tough young Yorkshireman. A male nurse, we presently discover, for the young man has been, still is indeed, dangerously ill. Pamela has struck a spark in him, and he in her. Her young man Roger taunts her – it is the natural reaction – with snobbery. But it is not that. She is reaching out to him, as Margaret was to the librarian, in human sympathy. But the cases are not parallel. The young peer's malady is not on a par with the little librarian's. It is dangerous, not so much to himself as to others. When, with the compelling conviction of the mad, he persuades them that he is not the homicidal maniac that his 'keeper' pretends he is, they go near to endangering their lives in their anxiety to believe him.

The story which develops out of this gives Mr Hall a powerful plot line. But he is after other things than mere story, and it must be admitted that throughout the play he is walking on the most delicate stylistic ground. The language moves between naturalistic dialogue and language as heightened as that, say, in *The Cocktail Party* (in his style there are distinct affiliations with Eliot). The transitions in this way of writing are always difficult and I am not sure that Mr Hall has quite solved the problem of moving from one plane to the other. There are admirable flashes both in the prose and the poetry, and I am confident that Mr Hall will find the fusion point between the two. At present, too, each scene goes on that shade too long. The Bristol company served their author admirably. Mr John Moody produced with discretion, and Mr Patrick Robertson provided another of his admirable sets.

A new play by a new author, too, at the Arts. Mr Derek Monsey's *Less Than Kind* begins quite brilliantly with that incisive, elliptical, suggestive dialogue that displays the born dramatist. We are in a decaying Venetian palazzo (charmingly evoked in Mr John Piper's set) and the claustrophobia of love presses in on the family. Lena, the mother, is a silly, passionate, possessive poseuse. Mia, the daughter, has escaped once into an unsuccessful marriage with an American, but has left him and come home. Gio, her young brother, has failed so far to break out, for he is imprisoned too in his love for his sister. On the edge of this pattern, and trying to break it, are a young Englishman, Michael, who is in love with Mia, an American girl whom Gio is trying to persuade himself he is in love with, and an elegant elderly epicene who finds it amusing to play on the instincts of self-destruction which lie all too near the surface of this inbred family. Mr Monsey is entirely successful as long as he is evoking the atmosphere, close, torrid, electric, in which the group are caught. The relationships grow steadily in our consciousness, the pressures intensify and the dialogue crackles like lightning on an oppressively hot night.

Mr Monsey only begins to falter when it comes to the details of working through the imbroglio. The incidents begin to carry less conviction, the language becomes increasingly literary, and the pace becomes fatally slow. But for two acts anyone prepared to open themselves to his not always easy elliptical style will find themselves living in a strange but real world of hot and violent feeling. That is much for a first play. A talented cast worked effectively on eminently theatrical material which offered them good chances. That all-too-much neglected actress Miss Catherine Lacey set the tone with her vivid intense Lena, though I would like her to have given us an earlier hint or two of the sense in which we were to take her. Mr André Morell drew on a vein of panache to play the milord with curling lower lip and a superior smile. Miss Diane Cilento and Mr Andrew Ray were charming and effective as brother and sister. Miss Yvonne Mitchell's production was extremely helpful in evoking the atmosphere.

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pany attempted to bring into the theatre talent from the field of the novel, the response was not as encouraging as had been hoped. Only Mr. Nigel Dennis, whose novel *Cards of Identity* had made a recent hit, responded by adapting the book for the stage, thus providing us with a highly sophisticated amusing evening, and himself with experience of the new medium. This makes it all the more disappointing that his first work written espccially for the stage should be, not to mince words, such a disaster. As readers of his novel will remember, Mr Dennis is far from naive; the humour of that book was subtle and complicated even to a fault. Perhaps this play was an attempt to remedy that, and Mr. Dennis has, as they say, over-compensated. *The Making of Moo* is a satire on religion and on the stage it comes out as inexplicably jejune and crude. It is designed to shock, but it could only succeed in that purpose with the spinsters of a backward cathedral town, or sixth formers, tired of chapel, who hadn't yet read their early Huxley, and busloads of them might be run up to the Court from our older public schools. But I should have thought it too simple for the average Royal Court audiences. What does emerge, however, is that Mr Dennis has now got a good control of the medium and knows how to use it. I shall much look forward to his next play.

T. C. WORSLEY

Fun Unlimited

MARIE LLOYD used to tell us that 'every little movement has a meaning of its own'; and it is a weakness of Carl Ebert's comedy productions (in tragedy he is always splendid) that he longs to discover, on every page, some little movement, meaningful or not, that can at least be performed in time to the music. In this desire he is not alone, though perhaps he has led the way. At Sadler's Wells we have seen the two officers of *Così fan tutte* loudly sniffing, or dabbing their eyes, in time to the chords that punctuate the opening of the quintet, 'Sento, o Dio'; at Covent Garden successive Octavians, in the act of withdrawing from the Marschallin's presence, have carefully clicked spurs in time to the pizzicato notes in the bass. Such tricks, doubtless derived from the influence of ballet, are irritating because the correspondences are arbitrary and unreal. Contrast the delightful and genuine effect made when Baron Ochs performs his elaborate bow to the fussy little twirling figure in the violins that was planned by the composer to illustrate just that movement, and nothing else.

I find the Glyndebourne *Falstaff* heavily overproduced. 'It is a sweet thing', Falstaff says, 'to unbutton oneself in the sun'; and, metaphorically speaking, that is just what Professor Ebert seems to have done: having delighted us with his temperate and finely judged *Zauberflöte*, he has here given free vent to his naughtiest impulses. Fake correspondences abound. If Verdi writes a sudden loud chord, you may be sure that Falstaff will bang his tankard on the table, or that Bardolph and Pistol will sit down hard on a bench with exact simultaneity; if he then writes a slow crescendo and another loud chord, the chances are that both will rise cautiously to their feet to relapse with another bump. Fenton wooed Nannetta so strenuously that at one moment he fell flat on his face; this time there seemed no musical excuse, and I wondered whether there had been a stage mishap, but no – it was evidently intentional. Geraint Evans, the Falstaff, posseses a mobile face and a particularly mobile pair of eyes; not since George Robey have we seen eyes so incessantly rolled. There was more than a flavour of music hall in his over-frequent 'funny cissy' affectations of gesture and movement; and his make-up came uncomfortably close to the elderly goggle-eyed sugar-daddy puppet who used to adorn the covers of *Esquire*. If these excesses were not positively inspired by the producer, it was at any rate his duty to restrain them; at present they mar an interpretation which is in many respects splendid. It is significant that Mr Evans is never more effective than when seated quietly in his chair, whether inside or outside the Garter Inn.

Musically, his interpretation is already a fine achievement, and it is sure to improve. He began the honour monologue a little stiffly, but carried it through to its final cadence, on the high G, *con slancio;* I know that *slancio* is only Italian for *élan*, but I cannot forbear from using a word so richly expressive of the particular vocal dash here required – and achieved by Mr Evans. The little snatch of song to Mistress Ford's lute caught him out: it is a moment of lyrical beauty, with the humour contained *inside* the beauty, and it simply won't do to ham it. 'Quand' ero paggio' went better; the scene outside the tavern better still; the arrival at Herne's Oak best of all. If Professor Ebert will permit Mr Evans to divide the total number of his stage gestures and movements by roughly four, his Falstaff will become four times as good as it now is; for he is a true artist, who well knows how to bring out the full savour of the music, and of the text too. His delivery of the Italian words – what wonderful words they are – is remarkably good; it is only a pity that he should obscure the congruity of words and music in the famous phrase, 'dalle due alle tre', by failing to elide the second word into the third, thus making almost an extra syllable for which Verdi has unfortunately provided no note. All parties concerned, needless to say, illustrated this phrase, 'from two to three', on their fingers with the tireless enthusiasm of Sir Winston Churchill giving the V-sign. One sees just how such exaggerations are liable to arise from the need to make sure that non-Italian-speaking audiences will get the point; and it must be said that the present production does carry the audience with it, arousing for instance roars of merriment in the basket scene, which can easily flag. There was a moment of delightful fancy when three bushes in Windsor Forest got up and walked off, to the stupefaction of poor Sir John; and in the same scene the verses of Nannetta's song were left absolutely motionless, as they should be.

Except for a pure sustained A in this aria, and two almost equally beautiful A flats in her first scene, Antonietta Pastori did not make the most of Nannetta's music; her Fenton, Juan Oncina, sang 'Dal labbro' with rare charm and musicianship, but conducted his flirtation far too confidently, as though he might have had a long list of Windsor beauties to his credit already. All the women bounced up and down a great deal. The Mistresses Page (Fernanda Cadoni) and Ford (Orietta Moscucci) are sound singers and capable actresses; but there is more fun and more grace to be discovered in Alice's music. Ford (Antonio Boyer) was weak; Bardolph and Pistol too consciously funny. The cast was completed by two highly diverting performances: the grotesquely elongated Dr Caius of Hugues Cuenod and the rubicund Mistress Quickly of Oralia Dominguez. Her face alone was a producer's gift: ripe, round and shining, like a melon that has just seen a joke. Vittorio Gui showed perfect judgment in the choice of tempi, and obtained from the Royal Philharmonic brilliant playing in the more forceful and Beethovenish pages of the score, though some of the many exquisite details failed to emerge, and the general level of dynamics was rather high for

the resonant theatre. Osbert Lancaster's burghers were evidently dressed by some Tudor Balenciaga; and I cannot rid myself of an impression that the house visible from Ford's garden lies on the other side of the North Circular Road. Still, the general visual effect is striking; and, in the final scene, appropriately romantic.

If Covent Garden gave us short measure in their recent *Trovatore*, they made amends with *Tosca*. This was a full-blooded Italian performance, with a trio of principals each of whom had something decisive to offer. Mme Milanov, in the late afternoon of her great career, offers a pure style, shapely phrasing and many passages of soaring beauty; Franco Corelli, an unusually tall and handsome Mario, offers youth, vigour and volume; Gian Giacomo Guelfi, the Scarpia, offers simply volume, declaiming soliloquies and asides straight at the audience in his rich baritone with the assured gestures of a public speaker. Young Alexander Gibson of Sadler's Wells handled his fiery team with cool skill, and found plenty of time to attend to the nicer points of Puccini's score.

Two promising young pianists have been heard on successive nights at the Festival Hall. Adam Harasiewicz, a Pole and winner of the 1955 International Chopin Competition at Warsaw, has a fine technique and a poetic feeling for Chopin which does not yet grasp the composer's larger structures: he was at his best in some Studies and Mazurkas. Ray Dudley, after skimming through a Mozart concerto, gave a very musical account of Liszt's No. 2 in A Major; the proper flamboyance will doubtless come later, Boyd Neel, an efficient accompanist, obtained from the L.P.O. performances of Elgar and Wagner which made us aware what a sound conductor we lost when he left us for an academic post in Toronto.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Klee Plus

THE art of Paul Klee presents, it seems to me, a big discrepancy between the value of the means of expression and the value of that which is expressed. On the one hand is what can lay claim to being the subtlest and most evocative as well as the most original language invented by an artist of this century, on the other something flimsy and mean, something whimsical, desiccated, and earnestly devoted to the imitation of wit.

What Klee's style, or something very like it, can become in the hands of an artist with a more intense and resonant imagination is shown by the selection of water-colours, now showing at the ICA, by Wols (born 1913 in Berlin, died 1951 in Paris). It is difficult to judge to what precise extent Wols is derivative from Klee. He does not seem to have been affected – and in this he is unlike many painters of his generation with no such affinity as his to Klee – by Klee's method of composition: his composition is generally centralised, centripetal, and stable – even in those oil paintings of his which at first glance may seem to be flying off in all directions. Furthermore, inasmuch as Wols does resemble Klee, this is almost certainly due to some extent, and it may be a big extent, to their having one important source in common – their memories of German children's books. But there are elements in Wols's style which it would be difficult to explain without reference to Klee's example.

If Wols's imagery has a strength and an intensity lacking in Klee's, it is, I think, because it is more organic than Klee's – which is to say that it achieves precisely what Klee set out to achieve. Klee's avowed aim was the creation of forms which, without resembling nature's forms, should seem to be manifestations of the powers which

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create and sustain nature's forms. It seems to me that this aim was realised marvellously in the structure of his pictures, which can seem as organic as the veining on a leaf, but that the shapes in his pictures are bloodless, sapless, schematic. Wols's forms seem almost horrifyingly full of sap, or blood. They have that strange, painful combination of beauty, mystery, and repulsiveness which is peculiar to nature as distinct from art, and so they have the disturbing, ambivalent effect, the exquisite nastiness, of orchids or fungi or insects or bacteriological slides. Only more so, because of their double or multiple meanings, which obviously can be richer and more precise and telling in a work of art than those which are found in nature (since pure accident and the unconscious and the conscious mind of man all contribute to them) – and which in Wols's art are richer. At the same time, they do not *seem* human contrivances, something other than natural growths, and this is the source of their magic. And it is in this above all that Wols's art has a greater poetic intensity than Klee's, for in Klee's art the multiple meanings have only the air of ingenious inventions. It is the difference between fancy and imagination.

The exhibition at the ICA includes several oils by Wols as well as nearly forty water-colours. But the selection of oils is almost more unrepresentative than it is small.

There are two important miscellanies of impressionism, etc. to be seen at present – the Weinberg collection, which is on view at Sotheby's until the 10th, and the summer exhibition at the Marlborough. This includes a marvellous Degas, a big oil-sketch for the *Young Spartans*, a small Cézanne bathers from the Pellerin collection, a large Picasso still-life of 1915, a strange and unusual early Chagall, two very fine Derains, an important Kokoschka, a series of Van Dongens, and (best of the twentieth-century works) a small, profound Matisse. There are more expressionist paintings than would have been found in an analogous exhibition ten years ago, but, for all that, the taste reflected here is that of Paris, in contrast with the strongly northern taste of the Weinberg collection, which gives the impression of having been formed by someone brought up on nineteenth-century Dutch painting. To my mind the drawings here are of a consistently finer quality than the paintings: No. 34 (by Pissarro) and No. 50 (by Van Gogh) are the finest. The remarkable paintings, I think, are the Van Gogh copy, the early Utrillo, and the Redon.

DAVID SYLVESTER

Prestige Plus

THROUGHOUT this week (because it is impossible to print dozens of them simultaneously) telerecordings of *The Restless Sphere* have been speeding by air from London all over the world: on Monday to the Australian Broadcasting Commission, on Tuesday to Belgium (headquarters of the International Geophysical Year), on Wednesday to the Australian commercial TV system and to Canada (three prints), on Thursday four more prints to Canada and one to Italy (whence came one of the most formidable contributions to this remarkable programme, a live broadcast from inside the crater of Vesuvius). This week-end Soviet Russia and Czechoslovakia will get their copies. A few days ago negotiations with the American networks were still in progress.

This was indeed a prestige programme. But it was not merely a prestige programme, in so far as that term may suggest a pompous official broadcast which the BBC is 'expected' to present (and millions of viewers, stealthily, with some sense of guilt, but with a far keener sense of relief, switch off). On scientific and technical matters, I am illiterate (as those NEW STATESMAN readers will be aware who wrote pained but kindly letters correcting my *gaffe* about the Heaviside layer); and it was therefore with some foreboding that I settled down to watch this inaugural IGY programme – 75 minutes of it – at the anti-gastronomic hour of 7.30 p.m. (IGY now joins UNESCO, BISAKTA, SPCK and the other groups of initials which every nuclear-age quiz-contestant has to know.) To my astonishment, I was never bored once: it was with regret as well as surprise that I realised that the programme was ending.

It ended with an admirable peroration by the Duke of Edinburgh on scientific co-operation in IGY as a model for other kinds of co-existence. The BBC's scoop (which ITV must surely have envied) was indeed doubly notable: it was, on merit, first-rate documentary, with some of the most complex jigsawing in of film and overseas line TV ever attempted; and it acquired extra *cachet* not only from the fact that Prince Philip compered it but from the way in which he did so. This was no mere formal royal patronage: he is a genuinely keen, and informed, amateur of science – and it is precisely because he is an amateur that he was able to translate technicalities into common speech and bring the whole portentous subject down to the layman's level. (It was comforting, for instance, to realise quite early in the programme that a lot of the IGY researches will simply be concerned with our favourite topic, the weather.)

Six weeks ago I wrote somewhat critically of Prince Philip's performance in his Commonwealth travelogue. The faults that I then noted were the defects of certain positive merits: his ease and informality of manner had been much praised, but there was too much of the *er* and *sort of* with which most of us pad out our everyday speech. No time was wasted on Monday night: in contrast with the earlier occasion, Prince Philip now spoke to a script which had been fined down to an exemplary tautness. But he had taken the trouble to learn most of it by heart, and rarely had to glance down at his notes or ahead of him at the teleprompter which was available if he needed it.

I have always, personally, disliked this gadget, and it was indeed because he had lost his place on the teleprompter that Prince Philip made his one slip. He recovered from this with professional speed and assurance – saying, apologetically, 'Well, that error very nearly cost you an interesting sequence.' Any slip, however, is galling to a perfectionist (a word used by the slovenly to disparage those who prefer accuracy); so that part of the programme was re-done the same night, and the telerecordings now being distributed do not show the slip.

Some popular newspapers complained that Prince Philip was 'too serious'. This seems to me as wrong-headed as their other complaint that the programme was too long. It was, after all, about an immensely serious and important subject: it would have been quite wrong, and incongruous, if its principal commentator had joked and clowned his way through it. In any case, he did, as I have indicated, introduce just enough colloquialism to make it palatable to the uninstructed, with an occasional mild joke and jargon-free turn of phrase – as when he said that the sun 'has a controlling interest in almost everything that happens here'; or, 'I wonder if Cassiopeia's receiving this programme'.

Apart from its scientific significance *The Restless Sphere* contained many sequences of purely human interest and even of beauty: the street-kids near Vesuvius waving wildly at the camera, the egg frying in the crater, the glaciologist breathing with difficulty high on the Jungfrau, the exquisite pattern made by a recording balloon at its launching, the ferocious impetus with which the rockets took off, the Scotsman who will sleep every IGY night up in the top room of his Abernethy home because he doesn't want to miss one chance of observing an aurora, the close-ups of Negro and Italian and Eastern faces transmitting mysterious data, the 'moonwatch' teams of amateurs in America . . . all these gave new life and meaning to the old-fashioned term, popular science.

The extent of climatic variation even in this small island was brought home to me vividly at one point in this programme; for a meteorologist at Crawley showed us a barometer whose hand pointed firmly to 'fair' (with a warning that the clouds he saw might mean thunder); but I happened to be watching in Yorkshire, and two hours earlier had driven through a tropical cloud burst and axle-deep floods. Local storms, too, caused some interference with the reception of the programme – as though the elements were making a last stand against man's presumptuous attempt to conquer his own impotence and ignorance.

TOM DRIBERG

Texts and Films

OF course the film everyone will see, and find marvellous if disappointing, is *The Prince and the Showgirl* (Warner's). It starts as Lubitsch and Stroheim, and fades out. This is the fault of Olivier and Monroe in the sense that they're content to have been, tantalisingly, glitteringly, themselves; as director and producer respectively they have the wrong story, or the right story weakly told. It comes down to the fact that Mr Terence Rattigan's Coronation play is thin, theatrical stuff for a film, even with such players. The Glory of Coronation, which might have got by in the actual year, now looks obsolete. The Ruritanian embassy in London with its conventional seductions amuses, smiles over its own old-fashionedness, and totters on. The Grand Duke fancies his chorus girl, he tries to get round her, she tries to get round him, one splendid supper after another is skipped round, and that's about all there is to it. As I have suggested, Olivier and Marilyn Monroe are almost enough to make us enjoy the supper they never do. Dame Sybil Thorndike does her best as a worldly *grande dame* to rescue us. But the snag remains: one-act farce (in essence), strung out to a three-act play, and dispersed to a two-hour film, that can't fill the bill.

The text of Robert Bresson's *Un Homme Condamné à Mort S'est Echappé* (Academy) is an escape story of the war: a quite matter-of-fact one, I should guess. But Bresson's use of it is masterly. From a curt narrative he has made a film that will linger in the mind's eye and ear. It not only puts other films of imprisonment out of the picture; it exists on a different plane. The angles of the cell, the grille giving on to an open space with three men pacing, the occasional bursts of firing, the clink of a tram, the strumming of keys on the metal stair rail: all combine, in a manner assured as Valéry's, to give strictness and tension to the theme. What precisely that theme is it's not so easy to say. Human isolation, no doubt, the martyrdom of the lofty spirit, dreams of some wonderful release, with – it would appear – a homosexual tinge. These – and the last in particular – are Bresson's secret; what transpires, with

a beautiful clarity, is this drama of a devotee, imprisoned in Lyons during the occupation, and at last, with a rough boy, making his escape. Beside it any other film is likely to look trivial. Bresson is a genius, and each film of his (he has made only four in fifteen years) has shown an advance on the previous one. French film-making may be in the dumps, but so long as it sustains a Bresson, who are we to disparage? No one, not even he, could achieve a masterpiece of this kind in an atmosphere that stifled; and to argue, as a few have done, that this film represents a daydream of the nobility that *might* have been France's, is to ignore the film's æsthetic and moral power, and also those earlier films of Bresson's with other themes.

The atmosphere in America seems at the moment favourable to the taut film, improving on TV, with social insight. We had not long ago Henry Fonda's jurymen without an escape, and now we have Paddy Chayesky's and Delbert Mann's *The Bachelor Party* (London Pavilion), which turns its sympathetic scrutiny on five accountants having a night out on the occasion of one's looming marriage. Routine and convention, in bingeing as in everything else, brings surprises and wry smiles, and by the end of an evening trailing through bars, red-light streets, night-clubs, and the underground we know pretty well the sort of fix they are all in, even if the sunlight emergence of the hero at the end isn't so certain. Live dialogue, candid filming, and the acting of a cast little known to us, each apparently identified with his or her role, make this film remarkable, if not wholly satisfying as was *Marty*, for which the same script-writer and director were responsible.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Correspondence

GILBERT MURRAY

SIR,—The first thing to be said about Critic's extension of the controversy over Professor Gilbert Murray's relations with the Church during the last weeks of his life is that the fact that a person is dying is no reason for approaching his reconciliation with Catholicism incredulously. The reference to semi-consciousness has less cogency than may be generally assumed. One can reach the point of being almost unaware of one's surroundings and yet still have a perception, perhaps an enhanced perception, of the divine truths and of the necessity of receiving Extreme Unction. I write with the assurance of experience being convalescent after an accident that brought me to such a state a few days after being received into the Church a year ago. It can safely be said that in these circumstances a man, even an agnostic or atheist, does not send for a priest in order to pass the time of day.

Critic says he finds it nauseating. His reaction to the spectacle of a priest doing his job fills me with perplexity. The same brand of blind anti-clericalism, run a little wilder, wrung from H. G. Wells in 1943 a book of which the first chapter was devoted to the proposition that the allies ought to bomb Rome. Can rationalists not be rational? After all, if a respected public figure were to embrace Tibetan Buddhism and die with *Om mani padme hum* upon his lips we should, doubtless, find Critic applauding the attainment of Nirvana as the fitting and beautiful climax of a life devoted to the quest for knowledge. When the conversion is to Christianity let us not, though the evidence be open to alternative interpretation, treat the Roman Catholic Church as a sinister conspiracy and its priests as frauds.

W. F. JORDAN

[Critic, on holiday this month, writes: 'I made no criticism of the priest doing his job. Let me try to explain to Mr Jordan what I found extremely distasteful. An agnostic is not a man who has no faith, but one who doubts the possibility of knowing a number of things about which the churches are dog-

There . . . she blows!

That piece of tissue in Daddy's hand has come a long way. It was once part of a tall pine tree in Canada or Scandinavia. Before it arrived at baby's nose it had to be pulped, shipped, processed, cut and packed : a transmogrification worthy of Merlin. Bowater wizards are expert at the transformation of timber. Some reappears as packaging, some as building boards, some as printing papers. Bowaters' many-sided activity, both here and in North America, is well suited to meet the world's changing and varied demands for timber-derived products. The new household tissue factory at Northfleet, Kent—a joint venture by Bowaters and the Scott Paper Company of U.S.A.—exemplifies this activity.

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matic. He may, like Gilbert Murray, have passionate faith—call it religion if you like—in reason and in the virtue of honest and completely untrammelled inquiry. Perhaps Mr Jordan would understand if I offered him an example the other way round. Supposing Cardinal Newman (to take a rightly revered figure in the Roman church) was reported to have repudiated God and the Pope on his death-bed. Would Catholics have believed that his statement was made in full consciousness, and in any case would they regard it as important? Would they not be indignant at any pretence that something Newman said on his death-bed proved him an atheist?'—ED., *N.S.*]

MAKING FREE WITH AUTHORS

SIR,—While Mr C. H. Rolph makes an able analysis of the problem of getting a fair return for authors from the public libraries, the solution he proposes seems to me misguided. It is 'a more practical government interest in books and authors,' and he recommends it as being 'free from risks.' To my mind government patronage is more than a risk: it is a persistent threat to the independence of authors, who can always take a difficult manuscript from one publisher or editor to another, but rarely have an alternative market if they fail to please a departmental head in the BBC or British Council. These institutions, and the Arts Council, have many virtues, but if they are to subsidise authors (or, more likely, subsidise publishers to sponsor authors), we shall be heading for a state monopoly of literature: from that the only escape for the self-respecting author will be, as in Hungary now, the death sentence or suicide.

If extra income is to be obtained for authors as payment for the use of their books lent by libraries it ought, I maintain, to come from the borrowers, and there should be no 'damned merit' about it because none of us is competent to say on behalf of the community that one book is of higher literary merit than another. Rich authors would pay surtax on their library earnings: others would get a slightly higher and a steadier income.

I put forward the penny-a-time scheme as a first proposal only. It can be modified in several directions: for example, instead of paying a penny every time he takes out a book, the library user could pay 5s a year in advance and renew, a shilling at a time, after he exceeded 60 borrowings. Old age pensioners and poor students could be exempted. Similarly, the annual sum available could be distributed among authors according to the number of volumes each has in stock; but I still object to proposals that these sums should come from the rates or, as in Denmark, from the government. My objection is twofold: first, local authorities would tend to reduce their annual grants for buying new books, and second, the book borrower would be left with his traditional attitude towards a 'library book' as an object which apparently costs nothing, belongs to no one, and is therefore contemptible.

JOHN BROPHY

59 Coleherne Court, SW5

SIR,—I should like to thank C. H. Rolph for his article 'Making Free With Authors,' and especially for his plea that the government should make it possible through the Arts Council for more authors to make a living by writing. Some such action on the part of the government seems now imperative if English authors are to be saved from penury and despair.

I am not an English author. I am a novelist writing in Welsh. Upwards of a hundred books are published in the Welsh language every year, and last year half a dozen novels were published in the language, including one by the now widely known Dr. Kate Roberts. This is no mean achievement for a Welsh-speaking population of less than a million, but it is not enough. The survival of our language depends on our increasing the number of our publications fourfold. We cannot do this unaided. Welsh publishers have to work under the same disadvantages as their English counterparts, with infinitely poorer returns, and our small but conscientious book-buying public can hardly be expected to increase.

I am more fortunate than most of my fellow-authors, each of my first three novels having sold nearly five thousand copies (a sale which even some English novelists might envy). But a novel which published in English could be sold for 18s. has to be published in Welsh for 10s. 6d. How the publishers do it is beyond me. How the authors do *not* do it is evident. Apart from a few who write out of compulsion or a sense of duty, most of our accomplished authors have almost ceased to write altogether.

The Welsh language may seem unimportant to many. To us who find our fulfilment in the writing of it, and to those who find their greatest pleasure in the reading of it, it is everything. English authors are fortunate in that they have a government to which they can address themselves and which does at least understand what they write. We who write in Welsh, the oldest language in this island, still producing literature of no mean quality—we have too often to go unheard. Our only hope is that the government towards the maintenance of which we, too, pay our taxes can be persuaded of its duty towards a minority literature struggling for survival within its coasts.

ISLWYN FFOWC ELIS

8 Gordon Terrace
Garth Road
Bangor

BOMB TESTS

SIR,—Professor S. C. Harland seems to suggest in your issue of 22 June that artificial radiation may have further serious genetical consequences to human life in ways that cannot at present be foreseen. But there really are few reasons for such fears, since it is agreed that artificial radiation is not qualitatively different in its biological action from the natural radiation to which we have always been exposed, and quantitatively it is at present much less. All ionizing radiation increases the gene mutation rate, and the very valid objections to allowing any avoidable increase in it from artificial sources are based upon what we already know of the harmful effects of natural radiation. There is, however, no reason to think that artificial radiation acts in any new or specifically different manner, and if it has other effects of which nothing is known we must already have been exposed to them in natural radiation without noticing their harmful consequences.

Professor Harland refers to a letter of Mr N. W. Pirie's in the *Lancet* recently in which, in well-chosen words, he concludes that 'there is therefore no intrinsic improbability in the idea that this influenza epidemic (*i.e.* the new Asiatic strain of the virus) is yet another evil consequence of these tests.' But Mr Pirie would probably agree that the new virus, if it really is the product of a radiation-induced mutation, could equally well and very much more probably have been induced by natural rather than artificial radiation. Plenty of similar strains of 'flu virus appeared before there was any artificial radiation, and this one would have been expected to have arisen in any event, sooner rather than later. But it *is* intrinsically improbable that this particular virus is a new and different man-made type that would not have afflicted us unless it had been induced by artificial radiation.

C. B. GOODHART

185 Huntingdon Road
Cambridge

TELEPHONE TAPPING

SIR,—An aspect of this lamentable practice which has so far escaped attention is the economic one: apart from any moral question, the cost must be appalling, and must now be quite unrewarding in terms of any benefit gained. Not, sir, of course, the cost of the tape recorders themselves, which are cheap, automatic and reliable, but the cost of listening to the recordings. The fascination exerted by the first impact of the tape recorder is beginning to give way before its stern realities, not the least of which is that if you record, say, a six-hour board meeting verbatim, it takes six hours to listen to it.

Let us, on the one hand, consider the cost of the skilled linguists needed to translate into English the twelve lines of a suspect busy bookmaker, or iron curtain embassy (the former in all probability a more difficult tongue) and, on the other hand, the fact that after recent publicity no criminal or spy would dare to use the telephone for his nefarious practices. I suggest, sir, that telephone tapping is now a waste of public money.

GEORGE ORDISH

178 London Road
St Albans

WRITING ON THE ROAD

SIR,—Mr Anthony Warrington is like the *habitué* of the small and overcrowded pub whose favourite corner is annexed by the occasional drinker. One way to keep the interloper out is to put up the price of the beer, charge insurance on the glass, put a levy on the area occupied by the feet, impose a supplement for elbow leaning, and put up a notice behind the bar saying the more you drink the cheaper it is. A simpler way would be to keep the pub doors locked to all but Mr Warrington and a few other 'constant users' whose annual consumption of drink is only matched by the depth of their pockets.

Surely the problem of our inadequate roads must be seen as part of the national problem of ends, means and government expenditure. Mr Warrington's plan for rationing the roads by the purse will certainly not restore the balance which has been lost. His plan would ensure that the jams at holiday times or special events (how can people be so thoughtless as to *drive* to the coast or Ascot?) would be composed of Bentleys, Rolls-Royces and company cars on expense accounts. But this would hardly satisfy the many motorists who are so stupidly convinced that having paid purchase tax, licence duty, excise duty and road tax as well as income tax and borough rates, they are entitled to use an occasional road from time to time.

CEDRIC HARRALD

48 Bell Street
Reigate

LORD LISTOWEL

SIR,—I raised my eyebrows at Critic's suggestion that Mr Macmillan deserves to be congratulated on the appointment of Lord Listowel as Governor-General of Ghana. It is true that *The Times* and the *Daily Telegraph* fell into the same error, but one expects Critic to

Drambuie
THE LIQUEUR
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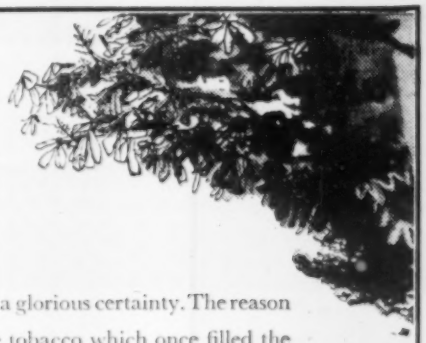
PERIQUE—AND THE PIPE OF PEACE



Cricket—and Three Nuns

Settle yourself under the trees. Give a thought to the batsmen, fielders and umpires who are going to please you, or displease you, for the next few hours. And then light up your pipe of Three Nuns tobacco. Cricket may be full of glorious uncertainties—but Three Nuns is always a glorious certainty. The reason is Perique—that rare tobacco which once filled the American Indians' pipe of peace and is now so subtly blended in Three Nuns. Rich indeed is the pleasure of the Perique blend, as all Three Nuns smokers know.

Three Nuns

with the black heart of Perique

TN559

To the Saxons, this was 'Moed-monath', the month of meadows. The modern name, however, honours the best-known of all Romans and first distinguished visitor to this island, Julius Caesar.

More than once we have been spurred on to greater efforts by the reminder that no successful invasion of these shores has taken place since 1066. That very odd landing by the French on the coast of Pembrokeshire in 1797 does not apparently count. Neither, it would seem, does the annual—and usually successful—'invasion' which we attempt to stem at Wimbledon and Henley. How nice it would be if we could retain the Diamond Sculls and/or win a Singles Championship . . . Beyond suggesting that the rallying-cry in this situation would appear to be '1066', the Midland Bank can offer no constructive advice. Instead, it contents itself by dealing expeditiously with the foreign visitors' banking requirements at its Overseas Branch, 122 Old Broad Street, London, E.C.2 and at its 2130 branches throughout England and Wales.

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be better informed than these relatively backward journals.

The most important factor in determining who should be appointed Governor-General of an independent dominion is not the view of the Prime Minister and government of the United Kingdom but the view of the Prime Minister and government of the dominion concerned. Doubtless there were some consultations about the Governor-Generalship of Ghana between the United Kingdom and Ghana governments; but I should think it is pretty safe to assume that (a) if the choice had been made solely on Macmillan's say-so it would have lighted upon somebody very different from Lord Listowel; and (b) your congratulations should be addressed not to Mr Macmillan but to Mr Nkrumah.

IAN MIKARDO

Palace Chambers, SW1

[Critic writes: *'Mea culpa.'*—ED., *N.S.*]

RACIAL PREJUDICE

SIR,—It is extremely interesting to read the letter from the Australian nursing sister who, from her own experience, regards colour prejudice as more pathological than emotional or intellectual. It is difficult to agree that she is quite right in the majority of cases, for we are continually seeing examples of people, with strong revulsions against coloured people, losing them completely as soon as they begin to know negroes or Asians as friends.

Your correspondent clearly suffers from a much rarer form of revulsion which is not prejudice at all, but rather a psychological fear which people have in different forms. There are inexplicable revulsions to birds, cats, harmless snakes, slugs and butterflies, to name only a few, which psychiatrists explain as complexes brought on by some forgotten frightening experience in early childhood or infancy, or even in the womb. Analysis can often rid patients of these fears, but sometimes with the loss of quite useful inhibitions as well.

During a recent BBC TV programme on the subject of colour prejudice, a psychiatrist was called in to offer his explanation. He said that many people enjoyed their colour prejudice. No one, he said, had ever come to his consulting room to complain of colour prejudice and ask to be cured. Until racial antipathy is looked upon as a sort of madness, it will persist to be every bit as dangerous as your good correspondent suggests.

MERCEDES MACKAY

Racial Unity
33 Denison House
London, SW1

THE TROJANS

SIR,—May I congratulate your critic Mr Shawe-Taylor on keeping his critical head instead of 'going wild' in the general current Berlioz craze? Rightly considered, the present belated Covent Garden production is a triumph not so much for Berlioz as for Napoleon III who preferred the claims of Wagner to official encouragement over those of Berlioz. There never was a time when it was more important to speak with proportion than with provocation and to achieve this all one need do, I suggest, is to compare any of the great Siegfried themes in *The Ring* with the recurrent March of the Trojans music in the Berlioz work with which it was sought to symbolise the aspirations of Æneas and his men towards building the grandeur that was Rome. I submit that the music Berlioz found to express so truly noble a theme is jauntily trivial to a degree and demonstrates conclusively the great difference in quality of imagination and inspiration between the two composers. From first to last there is no real momentum in *The Trojans* which rightly belongs to the genre *tableautorio*, i.e., half tableaux, half oratorio.

GEORGE RICHARDS

Mount Pleasant Road, Poole

SEMPER EADEM

SIR,—May I venture to disagree with Vera Brittain's suggestion that emotional release may be the root-cause of uninhibited writing of the exhibitionist kind?

The wish for emotional release is undoubtedly the starting-point, but the starting-point only. Somerset Maugham's description of a writer, first, experiencing some violent emotion; secondly, putting this down on paper; thirdly, experiencing release from its impact, implies that each event follows closely after the other. But, in fact, there may be a time-lag between the first and the second. Wordsworth's 'Emotions Recollected in Tranquillity' indicate that emotion must simmer down into perspective before being lucid enough to transcribe into artistic form. This process could take years. Maugham's 'A writer is the only free man' does not allow for this simmering-down taking as long for a writer as for anyone else—maybe longer—and, by the time the emotion is ready to pen, the writer must necessarily have been purged of its violence anyway.

No, whatever the reason, I feel it cannot be that supplied by Mr Maugham. It is, I think, no accident that such writers are women. Marie Bashkirtseff was, I believe, the first woman to pour out her soul in the first person. Then Vera Brittain, now Caitlin Thomas. Perhaps this sort of writing could be described, not only as uninhibited and exhibitionist, but also as peculiarly feminine?

MARGARET DENT

18 Rosecroft Avenue, NW3

SAVE UNITY

SIR,—After 21 years as one of the lone cultural outposts of the Labour movement, the closing of Unity Theatre in about two weeks is inevitable unless there is immediate and considerable financial aid.

This little independent theatre of the left has enabled countless young people to use their leisure and develop their talent in the most creative way. The culture of this country has been enriched by the writers, actors, musicians and designers Unity Theatre has developed. Perhaps alone among amateur theatres it has introduced new forms of staging and production into this country which have had a considerable influence on the English stage. In the field of political revue it remains unique.

£3,000 is required to ensure the continuation of this fine experiment which has succeeded for so long. Contributions should be sent to 'Save Unity' Fund, 1 Goldington Street, London, NW1.

A. BEVERLEY BAXTER, WOLF MANKOWITZ, ELIZABETH M. BRADDOCK, MILES MALLESON, LEWIS CASSON, SYDNEY SILVERMAN, FARINGDON, BARNETT STROSS, ANDRE VAN GYSEGHEM, SYBIL THORNDIKE, BENN W. LEVY

FRIENDS OF THE L S E

SIR,—We shall be grateful if you will allow us the use of your columns to draw attention to the formation of an Association of Friends of the London School of Economics.

Four-fifths of the School's income comes from government grants which, generous as they are, do not suffice for all that the School would like to do. Moreover, the maintenance and, if possible, the increase of the fifth that comes from other sources is necessary as a support to the School's independence. Often, when priorities are being determined for the use of the School's income, amenities which would make a great difference to its daily life are inevitably thrust aside by the pressure of competing claims. We therefore desire to make the provision of such amenities one of our principal purposes.

We are sending to many former members of the School whose addresses are known an invitation to join the Association and to attend its first meeting, which will be held at the School on Thursday, 11 July 1957, at 6.15 p.m. Any who have not within the next few days received such an invitation and would like to have one are asked to write to the Secretary, Friends of the London School of Economics, Houghton Street, London, WC2.

We have been honoured by an invitation to act as Chairman, Vice-Chairman, and Treasurer of the Trustees of the proposed association. Our fellow Trustees will be Sir Sydney Caine (Director of the School), Sir Alexander Carr-Saunders, Miss E. V. Evans, Mr L. Farrer-Brown, Mr J. K. Horsefield, and Dr G. Tugendhat.

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The Struggle for the Middle East

Part I: America Takes Over

In one of the less disagreeable suburbs of Baghdad stands a small, two-story building known as Beit Baghdad – Baghdad House. It is the supreme headquarters of the Baghdad Pact, and the only physical evidence of the Pact's existence. At the gateway, languid Iraqi guards submitted me to a parody of British security procedures. Inside, in an office decorated with travel-posters, I talked to Mr Awni Khalidy, the Pact's Secretary-General, a gentleman so obsessed by fear of being quoted by the press as to make rational conversation impossible. A generation ago he would have been a civilian chief clerk under the British mandate. Today he occupies a position equivalent to that recently vacated by Lord Ismay in Nato, and is, therefore, the key figure in the international defence system with which Britain proposed to guarantee the security of the entire Middle East.

Reflecting on Mr Khalidy, and the little house in which he works, it is not difficult to see why Britain was forced to hand over her task to America. The Baghdad Pact was, and still remains, a pathetic little paper edifice, nothing more than the sum of its parts: and the parts are merely the forces of the fragile Middle Eastern states which belong to it, plus the few slender shavings of British military power which can be scraped off from our commitments elsewhere. Near Basra, I saw an elderly Canberra whine into the sky; in Kuweit, a sloop – which, in the recesses of the *souq*, had been magnified into three battleships – dropped anchor in the harbour; in Bahrein, two companies of infantry were tucked out of sight near Manama. Little more remains to be seen. When the Americans took over the Baghdad Pact at the Karachi meeting last month, they found that the organisation possessed no communications or logistic infra-structure, no weapons policy, no joint early-warning system – or even an old-fashioned radar screen – no combined strategic, or even tactical, striking-force, no common codes or telecommunications procedures, and above all not even a joint defence plan. Beit Baghdad, they found, was simply a clearing house for information – and pretty dubious information, at that.

Forty-eight Days to Suez

The explanation is simple. A regional pact designed to provide security from the encroachments of a great power like Soviet Russia requires not merely the support but the physical participation of a great power itself. And Britain is no longer a great power. To illustrate this melancholy truth is not difficult. When the British Cabinet decided to mount a military operation against Egypt on 17 July 1956 it took, despite the assistance of considerable French forces, exactly 48 days to assemble the means to accomplish it. When the National Defence Council in Washington decided on 24 April 1957 to alert forces for a limited operation in Jordan—including a combined naval and marine striking-force and an airlift capable of transporting three divisions from America to a Middle-Eastern bridgehead – their dispositions were complete within 48 hours; and the striking-power thus assembled was, even excluding the vast nuclear strength of the Dhahran air base in Saudi Arabia, three times as great as that of the famous 'Operation Musketeer.' It is fruitless to attempt to explain away this overwhelming discrepancy by citing the incompetence of Mr Head and his myrmidoms, or the military consequences of the despairing house-hunting in search of a base which has obsessed Middle East GHQ since 1954. The plain fact is that the British economy no longer produces the necessary surpluses, either in financial power, in man-power, or in the last resort in will-power, to allow us to maintain mobile strategic reserves capable of dealing with major military situations in remote corners of the globe.

It is necessary to deal with these military aspects at some length because they are, and are likely to remain for some time, the determining factors in the evolution of the Middle East. The physical structure of the area – the vast, empty distances, the concentration of over 50 per cent. of the population in 16 major towns, and of over 75 per cent. of its economic resources in a narrow strip at the head of the Persian Gulf – has increased its military vulnerability to the point where it is true to say that the Middle East is a vacuum which is waiting to be filled by one or other of the great powers. In India and Burma, the existence of massive rural populations and the construction of governmental systems with which they are organically linked have enabled their peoples to fill the vacuum themselves. But in the Middle East local governments will be made and unmade by local armies, and the area's destinies settled by the interplay of power politics for many years to come. It is important that British Socialists should accept this basic fact, however distasteful it may appear to them, because otherwise any attempts they may devise to settle the problems of the area will end in failure and chagrin.

An Oil Derrick at Kirkuk, Iraq
(Illustrations by the Author)

The military aspects are important for another and related reason: they are the key to the events of the last 18 months. Looking back over the history of East-West relations since the end of the war, it is possible to divide it into three distinct periods, each related to specific areas of the globe. In order to limit Soviet encroachments in the areas euphemistically termed the Free World, the United States has felt obliged to freeze the existing frontiers by military pacts and by clear definitions of her responses to aggression, and to shore up the regimes behind them by economic subsidies. The first post-war phase, 1945-50, saw the process at work in Europe, and during the next five years, 1950-54, a similar technique was applied in the Far East.

With the proclamation of the nuclear stalemate in 1955, the area of competition shifted to the Middle East. As the advance of Communism had been handicapped in the Far East by Stalin's doctrinal conflict with Mao Tse-tung, so in the Middle East it was retarded by his dislike of Arab nationalism and his refusal to work with the nationalist bourgeoisie – above all in Egypt. But his successors were quick to liquidate his prejudices, and by the 20th Congress, when the new policy was officially formulated, a phase of intensive penetration had already begun. In this area Britain was traditionally the paramount power, but even before active Soviet intervention our position had become untenable, for, in the competition for the friendship of the Arab nationalists, we could not pay in the one currency which counted – hatred of Israel.

All the Kings' Men

We were faced with only two alternatives: either to abandon our paramountcy or to use Iraq, where we were still *in situ*, to challenge the leadership of Egypt. We chose the second, but the attempt was doomed to failure. Egypt had demographic and cultural resources which Iraq could not hope to possess for many years. And worse, by promoting Iraq to the nominal leadership of a defence organisation designed theoretically to secure the area's external security, but in reality to preserve its internal stability, we both sharpened Russia's desire to erect Egypt as a counterpoise and Egypt's willingness to lend herself to the operation. The Czech arms deal with Egypt in the Autumn of 1955 was the first visible manifestation of the new power relation. By the end of 1955, the size and quality of the arms deliveries had convinced the British government that a crisis was approaching with which they might not be able to deal unaided. At the Washington Conference in January 1956, Sir Anthony Eden appealed for American help. He received vague promises which were, in effect, blunt refusals.

As the spring and summer of 1956 advanced, it became increasingly obvious that the promises extracted from America at Washington were worthless; and when Egypt nationalised the Suez Canal, an event which Eden – mistakenly, as events were to show – interpreted as the signal for the crisis, but which brought only a hesitant and limited reaction from America, he made up his mind to pursue, in company with France, an independent line of action. But it was at this point that Britain's inability to discharge her traditional role became manifest. During the seven weeks' delay between the nationalisation of the Canal and the mounting of Operation Musketeer, the Canal dispute had become buried in the machinery of negotiation. Eden, however, was by now convinced that only force could resolve the crisis and, in desperation, he agreed to exploit the Arab-Israeli conflict. Many pro-western Arab leaders, such as President Chamoun in the Lebanon and Nuri es-Said in Iraq, hold in private at least, the debatable view that, had Britain been physically able to respond to Nasser's challenge by a military intervention immediately after the nationalisation of the Canal, the situation could have been stabilised. But by attacking Egypt in conjunction with Israel, Britain transformed a pseudo-crisis into a real one. Arab opinion, hitherto suspicious of Soviet intentions, turned sharply towards Russia; and President Nasser, together with his Syrian and Jordanian allies, felt himself obliged to relax many of the safeguards with which he had previously limited his relation-

ship with the East. Hence, by mid-December, American policy-makers, who had initially treated the British government's theory of a Soviet 'plot' to take over the Middle East with great scepticism, were convinced that the cure, as it were, had precipitated the disease, and that American intervention was now vital and urgent.

Hence the Eisenhower Doctrine, the instrument chosen by America to freeze the Middle East into the cold war mould. It is possible that, early in November, liberal policy planners in the State Department were thinking in terms of a policy radically different from that which is now being applied, a policy based, if only in part, on popular elements within the Arab states. But their projects appear to have been discarded under the pressure of Congressional opinion and by the demands of a rapidly changing situation. Such a policy would have required time; and it was felt there was no time. Hence, under the pressure of events, America adopted, in its entirety, the policy which had been urged upon it by Sir Anthony Eden 12 months before – the policy, broadly speaking, which Britain had applied during the 30 years in which she had controlled the Middle East. In this respect, and in this respect alone, Sir Anthony's Suez adventure succeeded.

Under American direction, the policy is, in the short-term, a viable one; for whereas Britain alone had found it increasingly difficult, and finally impossible, to apply, the world is still a place in which a great power can accomplish things denied to its lesser brethren. And America has accomplished a great deal in the last few months: she has revitalised the Baghdad Pact, wrenched Saudi Arabia and Jordan from the Cairo orbit, maintained in power the pro-western coalition in the Lebanon, and taken the first steps towards the overthrow of the Syrian regime. Cairo, as recent broadcasts by the 'Voice of the Arabs' testify, is now very much on the defensive.

But the American administration, in its determination to respond to what it believes to be a real Communist menace, and in its anxiety to produce quick results to disarm Congressional criticism, has applied the principles on which British policy was based with a crudity and ruthlessness which has left its old custodians breathless. Many of the subtleties which gave our policy a certain balance have been discarded, the restraints which we placed upon the feudal appetites of our allies removed. In American hands, the policy has acquired a sharpness which it never possessed hitherto; to reverse the French revolutionary dictum, it is 'Peace with all kings and war with all peoples.' The key question in the Middle East is therefore still the old one: how long can the system last?

Iraq: Dams and Dungeons

'In the last resort,' I was told, 'it is Baghdad that matters.' Not quite true: in 30 years' time, no doubt, the Middle East's centre of gravity will have shifted to Mesopotamia. Iraq can support a population of 25 million, as it once did before time and the Arabs destroyed the ancient irrigation system. The land is there, so is the water; all that is required is to bring them together, and to provide, by immigration and natural increase, the people to exploit them. But this takes time, and meanwhile the Arab world looks to Cairo. In a negative sense, however, Baghdad is all-important; if it falls, not even America can preserve the system. For the moment, the Iraqi regime appears secure: three weeks ago, Nuri decided it had withstood the shock of November well enough for him to relinquish the premiership and to direct it by remote control from his clinic in Switzerland.

His confident point of view was put to me by the Iraqi Minister of Development, Dr Dhia Ja'afar, a smooth gentleman in his forties who, but for the absence of medals, would look like a foreshortened Arab version of Douglas Fairbanks. 'In 1950,' he said, 'Nuri took the courageous step of devoting a major portion of our oil revenues – 70 per cent – to long-term capital investment. We have spent £300 million during the last five years. In the period 1955-60 we shall spend £500 million more. We resisted the temptation to devote this money to consumer investment. Over £150 million went on flood-control and water-storage alone. Now we have passed the hump. For years, people heard of all this money being spent, but there was no visible evidence of what it was doing for them. Now, for the first time this spring, despite the heaviest rainfall in 20 years, we had

The Road to Damascus

no floods in Baghdad. Why? Because our basic projects are completed or nearing completion. Already, in the last two years, we have been able to modify our policy, and devote money to welfare and short-term projects. We are building 40,000 workers' houses, resettling 20,000 families on freshly-irrigated state lands. Those two new bridges we have built over the Tigris, the new boulevard we have punched through the Arab town – people can see these things, they know that we are getting results. And they're working, too. Baghdad has doubled its size in the last ten years – nearly 1,200,000 today. But everyone has work. In November the Communists (sic) could only recruit 2,000 people for their demonstrations. Why? Because nobody is going to accept 500 *fils* to go and shout in the street and risk arrest, if he can earn 1,000 *fils* at his job. And from now on, things are going to get better, not worse. We have time on our side.'

Do they? Nuri has held Iraq down by force and he makes no bones about it. He himself is a relic from the Ottoman empire, who received his early training under German instructors; though almost pure Arab, he was an officer in the Turkish army, and is said to have joined the Arab cause mainly because the Turks would not give him promotion. He does not conceal his contempt for his compatriots. He rules the country by a modified form of martial law; political parties – even political clubs – are banned, newspapers are government-controlled, and there are an indeterminate number of people, ranging from Nuri's own estimate of 44 up to 10,000, in detention. I met Iraqis who have been tortured in Nuri's prisons; the methods employed are almost identical with those used in French Algeria. Nuri's chief hatchet-man is his fearsome Minister of the Interior, Said Qazzaz, a combination of Prussian officer and Thing-From-Outer-Space with whom, as I can ruefully testify, one should avoid shaking hands. A species of parliament, recruited from among the big southern landowners who form the basis of Nuri's power, meets from time to time and passes Nuri's bills, after debates which seldom last more than half-an-hour.

The opposition is two-fold. Above the surface is the official one: the 13 ex-prime ministers, the 78 ex-ministers, their relatives, dependants and hangers-on, who attend official receptions and wait, like vultures, for the reins of power to slip from Nuri's grasp. From time to time Nuri gives one of them a job – even the premiership – only to snatch it away at the least gesture of independence. A typical example is Fadil Jamali, a self-made man-of-the-people, who has undergone this disquieting experience once and is not unnaturally resentful. After giving me copies of all his speeches, and reducing the other members of his official family to a respectful silence, he told me: 'Nuri must go – completely. He is 70, a Turk, a savage. I and my friends are 50, we were educated in America, we understand democracy. We represent the generation which has never been given power. Does Nuri think he can hand over to our sons without going through us? We must have free elections, political parties, bigger oil royalties, a showdown with Israel – all the progressive things. Why don't the British force Nuri to go? I am a firm supporter of the Baghdad Pact.' Nuri, I feel, has little to fear from these men.

Beneath the surface lies another opposition, an opposition of teachers, lawyers and technicians. There is a strain of coarse independence which runs through the Iraqi; unlike all other Arab nationalists, these men are not obsessed with Nasser, though they share many of his aspirations. They are difficult to contact, even more difficult to draw out. Some of them are already Communists; many more will join the party during the next few years. 'Every young man who passes out of the new technical schools,' one of them told me, 'is one of us. Every peasant who leaves his land to come into Baghdad is one of our followers. The government thinks the development plan is disarming the opposition. On the contrary, it is creating it. Time is on our side.'

Theoretically, he is right. Nuri's policy must eventually founder on the rocks of its own contradictions. He envisaged that the oil wealth would go to create a basically conservative peasantry on the reclaimed lands of the north. But to placate the landowners who maintain him, he had been obliged to make the great *latifundia* of the south the principal beneficiaries of the basic water schemes. The differentials in land-incomes are widening. Little has been done for the peasant-proprietor; he, and the landless labourer, driven from work by the investment in machinery which the sheikhs can now afford, are flocking into the towns. In the north, great dams are being built, but the canals which are to transport their water to the fields have yet to be dug; and the investment, in houses, communications and equipment required to people these lands with independent peasants is still a thing of the future. Meanwhile, wages in the towns rise constantly, resettlement

The Syrian Premier Talks About Israel

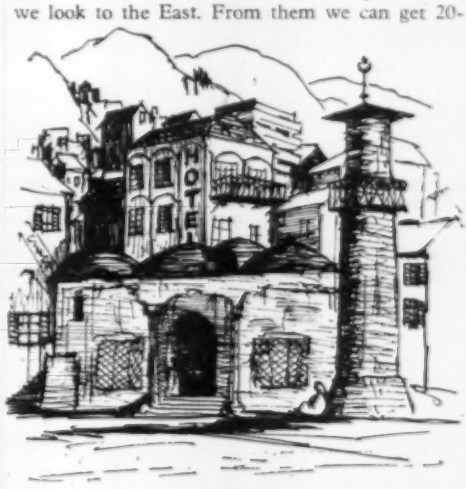
begins to lose its attractions; only 10,000 families have so far been brought to the new lands. In a few years' time, Nuri and his successors may be forced to do the thing which they fear most: resettle the Palestinian refugees, open their country to 500,000 men, women and children, each of whom carries in his heart the seeds of Arab nationalism. Each year, as the urban population rises, a parliamentary system nominated by Nuri and the sheikhs becomes more artificial, and the chances of a smooth transformation to even a modified democracy grow smaller. It is now clear that Nuri does not intend to make the transformation; his immediate successors, I suspect, will lack the nerve. The explosion will then become, in theory at least, inevitable. And yet it is difficult not to believe, in a country with an economic future as brilliant as Iraq's, that time is on everyone's side.

Syria: Cokes and Commies

The situation in Iraq is uncertain – unpredictable, even. Yet it is the one gleam of light in an increasingly sombre picture. Sooner or later, if their system is to work, the Americans must dispose of the Syrian regime. They are already hard at work, using as their allies the Lebanese government and the neo-Fascist parties which flourish in the tropical political atmosphere of Beirut, and which maintain clandestine contacts with the opposition in Damascus. Three times since the achievement of independence, Syrian governments have been overthrown by military force; nobody doubts that, in the last resort, the present conflict will be settled by similar means. The great, flat, open city of Damascus, standing on the edge of the eastern desert, is ringed by seven infantry and tank regiments, each eyeing the other with hostility. At army headquarters, a fierce, and so far even, battle of the generations is taking place. To the left, backing the present government, are seven staff colonels, led by the Socialist-Baath Colonel Serraj, head of the *Deuxième Bureau*. To the right, and reportedly in contact with American intelligence, are the senior field commanders, under the Commander-in-Chief, General Nizam Ed'deen.

Between them stand the politicians, uncertain, nervous, hedging their bets. In the present parliament, there is only one Communist, and more than two-fifths of the deputies are conservative independents or members of the Shaab, which represents business and landed interests. The government is in the hands of the National Bloc, the traditional anti-French nationalists, and the small Socialist-Baath party which, since it holds the Foreign Ministry and the Ministry of National Economy, has given a leftist flavour to policy both at home and abroad. In the economic field, Syria has achieved more than any other Middle Eastern state since the war, despite the fact that until the 1955 agreement its oil transit royalties were less than £1 million a year. Basic agricultural production has been tripled, the national income has risen by 120 per cent, real wages have doubled. Syria is now a major exporter; Damascus is brassily business-conscious. The road to the capital is plastered with huge, American-style advertisements, and in the western suburbs stand the gaudy pavilions of the World Fair.

Personifying Syria's contradictions is Sabri Assaly, a plump, prosperous corporation lawyer, with whom Mr Dulles would have much in common, but who is in fact the premier of a pro-Soviet government. He is, I suspect, hedging more bets than anyone else, even in Syria. Sitting behind his vast mahogany desk, the sweat spurting out of his heavy jowls, he strove desperately to keep the conversation on to the safe ground of Israel-mania. Eventually, by dogged persistence, I got him to talk about his own government. 'We have two problems,' he finally conceded, 'independence and business. The French bombarded Damascus three times before they were driven out. We won't have the imperialists back again at any cost – this is objective number one for any Syrian. But we need help, because we are poor, because we are expanding, and because we have to spend two-fifths of our budget on arms to defend ourselves against Israeli aggression.' (Here there was an interval while the conversation was dragged back to Syria again.) 'We can't look to western governments for help because they won't give it to us without strings. Western business interests won't give us easy, long-term credit, and their tenders for contracts are not competitive. So we look to the East. From them we can get 20-



Beirut: City of Compromise

year loans at 2½ per cent. Can you compete with that? Of the last three big contracts offered by the government – for a refinery, an airport and a geological survey – two went to Bulgaria and one to Czechoslovakia. Their tenders were, on average, 20 per cent lower than those of western firms. If they lose money, that's their business. All we care about is that there are no political, economic or military strings attached. I am not a Communist; there are no Communists in my government. Read my speeches, and you'll find I take a stronger line against Communism than Nuri es-Said. But so long as the Communists keep the rules, we'll do business with them. National self-interest, in so far as it is compatible with national independence – that is our policy.'

It is this policy which the Americans are seeking to overthrow. And now that Syria is ringed by hostile states, their task is easier. The virtual shut-down of the Turkish and Iraqi frontiers has cut off two of Syria's export markets; the breach with France has removed a third. By judicious dumping of wheat surpluses in southern Italy, America has thwarted Syria's attempts to find an alternative. The Syrian pound has already lost 20 per cent of its value and is still falling. Aleppo, capital of the wheatlands, is an opposition town. In Damascus, the business community has lost confidence in the government, and recently advertised its hostility by the resignation of 61 Shaab and independent deputies from the parliament. By intriguing with the army, and by exploiting this discontent in business circles, America may succeed in overthrowing the regime. But what it cannot do is change Syria's national aspirations; and recent by-elections, from which the Socialist-Baath has emerged triumphant, show that the present regime broadly satisfies them. By removing it, America would merely render more difficult the attempt of the nationalists and Baath-Socialists to confine Syrian nationalism within democratic boundaries. The Syrian C.P., under its very able leader, Khaled Backdash, already has 8,000 paid-up members, making it by far the most powerful C.P. in the Middle East; it possesses, therefore, the machinery and the talent for a rapid penetration of Syrian nationalism. An American-directed *coup d'état*, followed by a period of authoritarian rule, would give it a decisive opportunity to establish itself as a mass-party. The nationalist-bourgeois alliance with Russia would thus be replaced by something much more dangerous, and as yet unknown in the Arab world: indigenous Communism.

Lebanon: A Christian Israel?

In the Lebanon, the absolutism on which the rest of the Middle East thrives softens into compromise. This year, during Ramadan, a group of *ulemas*, paying a courtesy call on the Patriarch of the Catholic Maronites, found themselves unexpectedly caught by sunset, and knelt down and said their prayers in his throne-room, under a steely portrait of the Pope. The incident, photographed by an enterprising monk, was unusual even for the Lebanon, and drew forth a greasy essay from M. Daniel-Rops in *La Croix*. But this atmosphere of sweet reasonableness, created by 2,000 years of bitter experience of religious strife and by Beirut's enviable position as the centre of Middle East banking and contraband, is being steadily poisoned as the clash between America and Arab nationalism develops. Beirut is America's political base in the Middle East, as ours was Baghdad, and the tension during last month's elections, with the hot breath from Washington almost visible, recalled Rome in May, 1948 – the vital turning-point in the struggle for the mind of Europe. America won in the Lebanon, as she won in Italy, but there was one fatal casualty: the social and religious compromise on which the country's well-being is based.

The crisis will require time to develop; the venom with which the elections were fought was merely a foretaste of things to come. The Lebanese constitution, which allots 36 seats to non-Moslem Arabs and 30 to Moslems, is based on the assumption – which the government dare not put to the test by holding a census – that the Christian Arabs are still in a majority. By virtue of wealth and education, they are everywhere dominant; but the rise of Nasser, the November crisis and the railroading of the Eisenhower Doctrine through the Lebanese parliament, have speeded up the development of a national self-consciousness among the Lebanese masses which is specifically Moslem, whose pull is to the east, just as that of the Christian Arabs is towards the west. There are those who welcome this, and are determined to exploit it. Pierre Gemayyel, leader of the Christian Falange Youth Party, whose physique and unsmiling fanaticism reminded me of Charles de Gaulle, shouted in my ear: 'They are trying to dictate to us by force. Communism is in open alliance with the disruptive forces of Moslem nationalism. They are trying to bring politics down into the street, just as they did in Amman, until the Americans had them turned out. But here they will not even get that far. We shall go down into the streets too.' Then there was Ghassan Tueini, the extremist leader of the Parti Populaire Syrien, and a key figure in America's attempts to subvert the Syrian regime, whose tone was subtler, more long-sighted. 'Yes,' he said, 'these elections mean the end of the

gentleman's agreement on which Lebanese politics have been based. But then it was being undermined anyway. By forcing the issue now, the pro-western, anti-Communist forces may be able to deal Moslem nationalism such a blow that its development will be retarded for many years. If not, sooner or later the Lebanon will have to become a Christian Israel.'

The opposition is scarcely less bitter. Saeb Salam, its most representative leader, was beaten with police truncheons while leading a demonstration on 30 May, and he received me in his dressing gown, his heavy, melancholy face swathed in bandages. 'The Lebanon's function,' he told me, 'is to be the Middle East's window on the western world. But it must remain a window, it must not be converted into a base. Chamoun and the government are trying to force the Lebanon out of its natural orbit and, for want of popular support, they are using American money and the methods of gangsters.' From his palace perched on a rock overlooking Beirut, the Maronite Patriarch, who combines beatific benevolence and political shrewdness in almost equal proportions (the latter, I think, has the edge), painted me an equally gloomy picture of the Lebanon's future. Following the Vatican's current line, which has been applied so successfully in Poland, he is an outspoken supporter of peaceful co-existence, which in the Lebanon means religious co-existence. Chamoun, he said, was a fool who was digging his own grave. By stirring up Christian-Moslem strife, he was asking to be assassinated. He, as patriarch, resented and deplored Chamoun's attempts to exploit militant Christian opinion for political purposes. 'Since when,' he asked heatedly, 'has he been to Mass?' Christians and Moslems had no alternative but to live together in peace – let nobody forget the religious massacres of 1860 – and if this meant preserving neutrality in the east-west struggle, then he for one was prepared to accept it.

Wise counsel, but Lebanese elections are won not by patriarchal advice but by money; for the moment, Chamoun – who now scarcely troubles to conceal his hatred for Nasser and the Arab nationalism he symbolises – is firmly in control. It may be that the traditional good sense of the Lebanese Christians will prevail, but the chances, at present, seem to be that opinion will polarise along religious lines, and that America will find herself conducting the affairs of the Middle East from a base torn by communal strife, a base by comparison with which Cyprus may seem as peaceful as Norfolk, Virginia.

The Vanishing Cadillacs

In Iraq, in the Lebanon, even in Syria, there is at least something – class interest, historical traditions, religious forces – on which American policy can be based. Elsewhere, there is literally nothing. Amman, when I arrived, was in a flurry of excitement over the visit of King Saud. 'After this,' I was told, 'there will be calm for at least two weeks while everyone digests their tips from the king.' And then? 'Who knows?' Amman is the perfect rioters' city: a straggling main street, running along the bottom of the *wadi*, into which drain countless alleyways, carrying starving refugees from the huts and caves on the slopes. For the moment, they are held at bay by an extremely efficient police-force, which recently hanged three 'traitors' in the main square, and by the Arab Legion which, thanks to King Saud and gifts of $32 m from America, is being paid regularly for the first time since January. Two months ago, King Hussein overthrew Jordan's first democratically-elected government, justifying himself by a concocted story of an elaborate Red 'plot,' the proof of which will shortly be revealed in a series of carefully prepared trials, and whose details, it is sad to say, are believed only in Amman's western embassies, and by simple-minded sheikhs on the Persian Gulf, to whom Hussein has sent photostats of the 'documents.'

The regime maintains itself with a brutality rare even in the Middle East. Nearly 400 people were murdered in April; all the nationalist politicians are either dead, in prison, in exile or under house-arrest. The day I arrived, a 12-year-old boy was sentenced to two years' penal servitude for writing a pathetic letter to President Nasser, complaining that the police had beaten up his father.

Shops in Amman

Hussein has been forced to carry out a purge of the civil service so complete that some departments can no longer function. Almost illiterate Bedouins have been hurriedly promoted, junior NCOs have been commissioned to fill the gaps left by the 40 Legion officers who fled to Cairo and Damascus. Most of the schools have shut down. People – even those in senior positions – refuse to talk freely except in the strictest privacy.

Whom does the regime represent? The Bedouin sheikhs, perhaps, although it has nothing to offer them beyond the occasional slender pension; and even these will remain promises until the Americans realise that they have no alternative but to resume payment of the old British subsidy. Some of their tribesmen, who regard the Legion as a gateway to success in life; but here again, the scope is limited. A few businessmen, mainly foreigners, who found the Nabulsi government 'difficult.' In addition to these – nothing. The Palestinians, who constitute two-thirds of the population, nine-tenths of the literates, three-quarters of the Army officers and more than half the rank and file, are bitterly hostile. Inevitably, they are turning further to the left: in Jordan it is possible to watch, in its purest form, one of the crucial phenomena of the mid-20th century – the steady, almost visible, process whereby a nationalist is transformed into a Communist.

In southern Jordan, just north of Aqaba, another process is at work: the destruction of Saudi Arabia's feudal society. Saud's decision to assume responsibility for the blockade of the Gulf of Aqaba and to move two brigades, or more than half his army, into Jordanian territory, may well prove a decisive error of judgment. His promise to restore the blockade will almost certainly remain unfulfilled, and will add venom to nationalist criticisms that his new role as America's Middle East broker involves neutrality towards Israel; while by bringing his troops, above all his officers, into the contagious orbit of Palestinian nationalism, he has broken the hermetic seal which preserved his own kingdom in all its pristine savagery. The Saudi officers I met in Amman were already infected.

And Saud has other troubles, mainly of his own making. His decision, last November, to cease pumping Aramco's crude oil to the Bahrein refinery, coupled with the acute tanker shortage, led to a 45 per cent drop in Aramco production; and this set the seal on years of improvidence and profligacy. Although he has overdrawn nearly three-and-a-half years of royalties, Saudi Arabia is undergoing an acute foreign exchange crisis. Work is going ahead on his new $90 million palace near Riyahd, but there is little left for anything else. His visits to Baghdad and Amman brought great disappointments. Whereas, on his visit to Qatar two years ago, the Emir was given a magnificent luxury yacht, King Feisal got nothing more than four Cadillacs and two Rolls-Royces, while the wretched Hussein had to be content with two shop - soiled Cadillacs. The Jordanian refugees were understandably miffed to hear that 'to mark our fellowship with our brother-Arabs in distress' he was presenting them with a cheque for $20,000. Rather late in the day, Saud is now expelling Egyptian teachers, technicians and civil servants, but short of the unthinkable step of employing Europeans, he must find somebody to run his administrative machine; Egypt and Jordan are the only Arab countries with an exportable surplus of intellectuals, and either, from Saud's point of view, is equally dangerous. Already, the Egyptian propaganda machine is turning against him; and Cairo, for the first time, is opening its door to his exiled enemies, not least his ex-Minister of Finance, who two years ago had his right hand chopped off and impaled in the main square of Riyahd for pocketing $3 million of the royal royalties.

Looking around the Middle East in the Year One of American rule, it is possible to draw several tentative conclusions. First, American policy has largely succeeded in effecting a short-term stabilisation of the area. Secondly, there is not the slightest indication that America will be able to utilise this breathing-space to arrest, let alone reverse, the present drift of Middle Eastern nationalism towards the Soviet world. By disrupting the alliance between Russia and the bourgeois nationalists, America has speeded up the process which threatens to replace it with something infinitely more dangerous: Arab Communism. We thus face the prospect of a long period of intermittent crisis, in which the threat and use of force will become increasingly evident. In these periodic convulsions, western interests will certainly suffer, but Britain's most of all. The extraction and marketing of cheap Middle Eastern oil is now the biggest single asset which the entire Sterling Area possesses; and it will continue to be so long after our crude oil imports have been stabilised by the increase in domestic nuclear power. Yet this vital national asset is now in increasing jeopardy, under circumstances in which we no longer possess even the limited freedom of action we enjoyed until Suez.

PAUL JOHNSON

(To be concluded next week)

BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Prose and the Poetry

WHEN *Look! We Have Come Through!* came out in 1917, *The Times* said: 'The Muse can only turn away her face in pained distaste.' Bertrand Russell's comment ('in his nasal dry voice,' as Mrs Vinogradoff records) was: 'They may have come through, but I don't see why I should look.' And Mr Aldous Huxley complained that reading these poems was like opening the wrong bedroom door.

There is a good deal of sense in these reactions. The Muse does avert her face from the kind of raw self-communing that was inherited from the eighteenth-century blank verse poets in Coleridge's *Religious Musings*, and has been a plague ever since. Lawrence has his own vein of remorseless monologue:

> Then, we shall be two and distinct, we shall have each our separate being.
> And that will be pure existence, real liberty.
> Till then, we are confused, a mixture, unresolved, unextricated one from the other.
> It is in pure, unutterable resolvedness, distinction of being, that one is free,
> not in mixing, merging. . .

As *The Times* reviewer might have said, it simply isn't poetry.

Bertrand Russell was perhaps annoyed by Lawrence's bullying – by the way he dances round you, fists clenched

> (I don't care whether I am beautiful to you,
> You other women) –

– ready to punch you on the nose. Poems shouldn't send you ducking and backing away if you refuse to come quietly. Even so, Lawrence's aggression in this book is less oppressive than the settled hatred, fed by illness and stupid criticism, of his later *Nettles*, and some of his *Pansies*.

The real stumbling-block, indicated by Mr Huxley, is the intimacy of situation in *Look! We Have Come Through!* Lawrence and Frieda's extraordinary harmony ('One shouldn't let things fester' was his response when Frieda crept up behind him after a quarrel and broke a plate over his head) comes over not at all in the poems, or, at best, in uneasy little jets of revelation. The solemn and obscure ranting in this volume seems to vindicate the 'emotion recollected in tranquillity' view of poetry. His relations with Frieda were too much on top of him. But Lawrence wrote many good poems elsewhere in which an extreme intimacy had been distanced either by time or by passing through the refining medium of his fiction. The poems about Miriam (Jessie Chambers), and many of those about his mother, fall into the second class; they are left-overs from the writing of *Sons and Lovers*.

Time, the other great distancer, produced some fine childhood poems – as *Piano:*

> Softly, in the dusk, a woman is singing to me;
> Taking me back down the vista of years, till I see
> A child sitting under a piano, in the boom of the tingling strings
> And pressing the small, poised feet of a mother who smiles as she sings.
>
> In spite of myself, the insidious mastery of song
> Betrays me back, till the heart of me weeps to belong
> To the old Sunday evenings at home, with winter outside
> And hymns in the cosy parlour, the tinkling piano our guide.

It isn't easy to say why this is good. A Georgian fustiness hangs over the whole thing. There are utterly dead spots ('vista of years,' 'mastery of song'); Pre-Raphaelite mannerisms ('the heart of me'); impossible diction ('cosy'). But the situation is firm and all of a piece, and won't be knocked over. The poem shows, as does a lot of Lawrence's early verse, that he is unafraid of sentiment to an extent that makes it impossible to fit him into modern poetic categories. He faces up to traditionally 'romantic' subjects without a trace of misgiving and without the paralysing sense that you can't write about daffodils or the moon unless you stand them on their head. At about the time Mr Eliot was writing:

> I observe: 'Our sentimental friend the moon!
> Or possibly (fantastic, I confess)
> It may be Prester John's balloon
> Or an old battered lantern hung aloft
> To light poor travellers in their distress.'
> She then: 'How you digress!'

Lawrence was producing many small poems like this one, which I give in full:

> Slowly the moon is rising out of the ruddy haze,
> Divesting herself of her golden shift, and so
> Emerging white and exquisite; and I in amaze
> See in the sky before me, a woman I did not know
> I loved, but there she goes, and her beauty hurts my heart;
> I follow her down the night, begging her not to depart.

And, instead of the wry echo of Keats's 'hung aloft the night,' we have the straight Poesy of 'golden shift' and 'in amaze,' and the sudden lift of real speech – the thing that can't be faked – at 'but there she goes.'

You can call this poem naive only if you are ready to qualify 'naive' out of existence. Lawrence knew all about the role of Lady Moon in English literature. He also understood, and was also to state, the problems of verse-writing at the tail-end of the Romantic movement. There is an early (1913) letter to Edward Marsh in which Lawrence reads him a lecture on metre and scansion ('a thing invented afterwards by the schoolmaster'), calls him 'a bit of a policeman in poetry,' and states the general issue thus:

> The ear gets a habit, and becomes master, when the ebbing and lifting emotion should be master, and the ear the transmitter. If your ear has got stiff and a bit mechanical, don't blame my poetry. That's why you like *Golden Journey to Samarcand* – it fits your habituated ear, and your feeling crouches subservient and a bit pathetic. 'It satisfies my ear', you say. Well, I don't write for your ear. This is the constant war, I reckon, between new expression and the habitual mechanical transmitters and receivers of the human constitution.

Lawrence's letter to Marsh should be read alongside Mr Eliot's essay on 'Tradition and the Individual Talent.' Both poets are in the same boat in the sense that they are trying to address sensibilities – including highly educated sensibilities, like Marsh's – in the grip of stale literary forms and numbed by a whole set of preconceptions as to what constitutes poetry. But Lawrence parts company from Mr Eliot, and from T. E. Hulme, at the point where the other two begin to develop their neo-classical alternatives to the prevailing romantic æsthetic. Lawrence is, or becomes, a revolutionary in expression, but he pours his new wine into the old bottles of emotion (poetry conveys emotion – so that I. A. Richards's guinea-pigs in *Practical Criticism* dismissed *Piano* as obvious sentimentality) and personality (poets express their personalities) which the others were busy smashing. In a way this is Lawrence's great strength; he doesn't have to worry about poetry because it isn't for him a life-work that needs nursing and holding together inside a frame of coherent opinions. He can treat his verse in a lyrical hit-or-miss way as 'casual thoughts that are true while they are true and irrelevant when the mood and circumstance changes.' If poetry won't serve him he can afford, because he is a novelist, to leave it alone indefinitely. But when poetry will serve, Lawrence puts across the speaking voice as nobody else can, with the attack of his own nature thrown forward into the words until you lose the sense of reading altogether:

> I pressed the wretched, throttled flower between
> My fingers, till its head lay back, its fangs
> Poised at her. . .

If you read the three major poets of the age at a moment when Lawrence has firm hold of you, Hopkins dwindles to a gadget-fiend, Mr Eliot to an Anglo young Catholic, and Yeats to an old booming bittern on a golden bough, miles away from life.

Birds, Beasts and Flowers is the best of Lawrence's own collections of his work. He wrote only a handful of good long poems, and they are nearly all here* – an entirely personal genre of short story in verse, taut and elegiac and very exciting, like *Man and Bat* which is about chasing a bat round his room in the middle of the morning, and *Snake*:

> A snake came to my water-trough
> On a hot, hot day, and I in my pyjamas for the heat,
> To drink there –

and *Baby Tortoise* ('tiny, fragile, half-animate bean') which is a miracle, and the secret of it is Lawrence's reverence for life, as Dr Leavis says.

Otherwise the later poems are disappointing: too much hate. The polemic is only now and then turned to good account, as in one brisk flourish against Shakespeare – much better than anything Bernard Shaw had to say:

> And Macbeth and his Lady, who should have been choring,
> such suburban ambition, so messily goring
> old Duncan with daggers!

Lawrence is the very rare case – Hardy is the

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only parallel since Emily Brontë, if one allows that Joyce is a negligible poet – of the major novelist who is an important minor poet; and, as with Hardy, the greater prose talent seeps through the poetry and makes it considerable beyond anything you can point to on the page (look back at the *Piano* poem, and at the exactness of the last word, 'guide': I believe we supply the savage drunken father, or sense his momentary absence, from *Sons and Lovers*).

These three volumes are nicely produced, with only a very few misprints to complain of, and one of those ('In the valley a corncrake calls') sublime in its way. Lawrence's publishers have done him proud, and one commends the self-gratulation with which, in a recent advertisement, they say: 'Meanwhile other authors were becoming famous under the sails of the windmill, notably D. H. Lawrence, J. B. Priestley and Francis Brett Young. In the 1930s new names appeared – Graham Greene and Nevil Shute. . . .' That salesman's catholicity would have amused Lawrence, except in the days when London publishers, the late William Heinemann among them, were rejecting his work as indecent.

Mr Aldington has made a good job of editing the poems found among Lawrence's papers after his death. The numerous *Ship of Death* fragments are a special problem because Lawrence seems to have been making a single long poem out of them when he died, and Mr Aldington deals with this by providing an appendix for the alternative versions which he doesn't use in his text. Elsewhere the policy of this edition is to print the latest version of each poem, which is no doubt the only way of keeping the thing reasonable in size and price. But it is clear that Lawrence revised a lot of his work drastically towards the end of his life, and one wants to know what lies behind his final version. There seems, in some cases, to have been a systematic cutting out of God's name in favour of a life-force phraseology. The flourishing Lawrence industry will be clearing up all these points before long.

JOHN JONES

A Fever

Where the room may be, I do not know.
It is beamed and parquetted,
With yew-logs charring on a broad hearth,
Curtains of taffeta, chairs of cherry,
And a rough wolfskin to lie at ease upon
Naked before the fire in half-darkness;
The shadowy bed behind.

Who she may be I do not know,
Nor do I know her nation.
She is truthful, she is tender,
In everything a woman, but for the claws:
Her skin moon-blanched, her arms lissom,
Her tawny tresses hanging free,
Her frown eloquent.

What we do together, that I know;
But when, eludes me;
Whether long ago, one night, or never . . .
Meaning? Meaning in some recess of Time,
Untemporal yet sure . . .
Why should it irk me? Now I must sleep –
She says so with her frown.

ROBERT GRAVES

Your Valued Vote

Parliament in India. By W. H. MORRIS-JONES. *Longmans.* 35*s.*

Constitution Problems in Pakistan. By SIR IVOR JENNINGS. *Cambridge.* 42*s.*

Indian General Election 1951-52, Reports. *Popular Book Depot, Bombay.* *Rs.* 12/8/-.

Few things in contemporary politics were more absorbing, unprecedented, and overlooked than the curious spectacle, a few months ago, of an Indian State as populous as Czechoslovakia formally, by impeccably constitutional and democratic methods, voting itself a Communist government. This was Kerala, in March. Such a thing had never happened anywhere before; because of the intricate constitutional cross-checks of India it may well never happen again. I was glad to have watched it if only for one sentimental memory of Trivandrum – a community almost pathologically political, it seemed, since the entire town was tattooed with Malayalam slogans, out of which one English phrase forever recurred. 'Please Vote for the Communist Party,' it said. 'Please Give Your Valued Vote for World Revolution.' So they did, in quantities, and the only Communist Party in the business that ever said 'Please' took over with much the same bedside manner, protesting its adherence to the Constitution it had previously denounced, and becoming the one Marxist administration in existence that accepts the technical leadership of the British Crown.

It is legitimate to recall the dafter fantasies of the day while reading these massive examinations of the Asian political scene. They vary greatly in method. Sir Ivor Jennings records the litigation that followed Pakistan's dissolution of the Constituent Assembly in 1954; a wonderful chronicle of chaos. (The Federal Court found that the Assembly had so thoroughly misinterpreted its powers that four solid years' legislation was, in fact, illegal.) The Reports on the Indian Elections of 1951-52 have now been thoroughly overtaken by events; they might have had more meaning if they had not appeared just after the elections of 1957. It is Professor Morris-Jones who provides the really first-class study of modern Indian political institutions.

'The dominating impression of Indian politics is one of great complexity,' says Professor Morris-Jones, putting the matter almost too laconically. The humble Communists and arrogant Pacifists of Kerala are only the casual paradoxes of a political tangle in which the serious European student gropes wildly for any sort of solid standard. 'Intracacy,' says the Professor mildly, 'is the keynote.' It is reasonable that a Western musician, say, should fail to understand the basis of Asian music, and few Europeans can readily master the ways of Indian family life, but one takes the harder sciences for granted. An analytical economist, one feels, should have the equipment to handle any sort of data – until one finds that Indian workers do not respond to the usual incentives in the usual way; that institutions with completely familiar names are fulfilling very unfamiliar functions; that apparently quite non-political movements are sizzling with political forces; in short, that India is India.

Not being a Professor of Political Theory myself, it has never struck me as especially odd that a nation that shakes its head to mean Yes, whose keys turn backwards, that has the same word for Yesterday and Tomorrow, should be the sort of place where Gandhi could make Prayer Meetings an integral part of Congress machinery, and where the leader of the Socialist

Party could abandon politics for mysticism overnight. All this is necessarily diverse, and simple; the wonder is that a pattern of unity ever emerged at all.

India is a Union of States, and the individual constitutions of the States are set out as part of the Constitution of India, giving overriding power to the Centre. (Which is why the Communist Government of Kerala could not do as it promised and nationalise the British-owned plantations; New Delhi would just not provide the funds to pay legal compensation.) Moreover, the Indian Union is far from being composed of indestructible units: the States can be split up, reorganised, added to or subtracted from by simple act of Parliament, and indeed this is going on all the time.

What is extraordinary is that such a powerfully unified federation, clearly corresponding to some deep experience of unity, appears in a country still speaking about two hundred different languages which had a unified government for only a century. The thing is still a bit of a miracle even today, when millions of villagers find even the district town a pretty remote concept. Yet in 1885, less than thirty years after the Mutiny, the Indian National Congress held its first session and the work of creating a nation, made possible by common experience of British law, began in earnest. The leaders were All-Indian personalities. Today the important parties are All-Indian Parties. Indian federalism was born backwards: not from a coming-together of independent states but a loosening of control by a unified nation.

Professor Morris-Jones, the political economist, is quick to say that neither politics nor economics is the whole story. Just as religion was the ground on which the Old India divided, it is now the ground on which the coherence of the New India rests. The casual visitor encountering the young Westernised Indian who is hazy about his gods may be tempted to believe that modern India is a post-Hindu civilisation; he would need only to meet the wife – or better still the mother-in-law – to get his ideas corrected. Hinduism is almost as inaccessible as it is obtrusive; it is still pervasive. (Practically nobody over here seemed to notice that the Prime Minister, Mr Nehru, was taken to court some weeks ago by his constituency opponent, on the grounds that he had made an inflammatory election speech. His opponent, who happens also to be President of the All-India Cow Protection Society, furiously claimed that Mr. Nehru had committed an heretical breach of the peace, by remarking that *he* considered a horse just as good as a cow.)

I have spent so long watching politics in India that I seem to accept the bizarre by-products fairly readily: that the illiterate peasant woman, for instance, should vote for the Communist candidate because his Symbol – the sickle and the ear of corn – simply suggests to her Lakhshmi, the goddess of prosperity; or that the farmer whose existence depends on both his Bullock and his Cart should feel it necessary to vote for both, though they represent wholly antagonistic parties. With my own eyes I recently watched ancient Hindu grandfathers wheeled for miles in barrows proclaiming their intention to vote for Bapu – Gandhi – and for no one else.

Professor Morris-Jones has produced a magnificently-documented analysis of a political situation that may develop into democracy, into unity, into dignity and power, but that can never be anything but fantastically difficult and remote.

JAMES CAMERON

The Frontiers of Social Science, essays by thirty authors in honour of Dr Radhakamal Mukerjee, has been published by Macmillan at 45s.

One Word More

The Life of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. By GARDNER B. TAPLIN. *Murray.* 42*s.*

A century has passed since *Aurora Leigh*, the culminating work of a lifetime of poetic activity on the part of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, was finished one chilly July day in a house in Devonshire Place and sent off to Chapman and Hall for publication. The success of this novel in verse, wherein, like fatty tissue, massive deposits of contemporary fiction, French and English alike, have recognisably been laid down, astonished no one more than that highly intelligent and wholly naive woman, its fifty-year-old author. Nevertheless, and for all that *Aurora Leigh*, in its heyday, was solemnly acclaimed by John Ruskin as 'the greatest *poem* in the English language, unsurpassed by anything but Shakespeare', by the turn of the century poor garrulous Aurora, and her author alongside her, had kindly but firmly been demoted from the drawing-rooms of literature to the servant's quarters; where, in the early Thirties, Virginia Woolf professed to discover her, rowdily keeping company with Mrs Hemans, Eliza Cook, Jean Ingelow, Edwin Arnold, and Robert Montgomery. If, however, her poetic currency has thus sharply been devalued, the circumstances of Elizabeth's private life continue to arouse the curiosity of a public recruited – largely by the dramatic skill of Rudolf Besier – from the ranks of Strachey's anti-Victorian campaign. In more academic circles, she continues likewise to hold her own: following upon the biographies of Miss Dorothy Hewlett and Miss Frances Winwar comes the present volume; and there is news, too, of an Italian study, *Ba*, by Contessa M. Giartosio de Courten, which promises to direct a novel ray of light upon one whose verse was to become 'a golden ring linking Italy and England'.

In a book such as this, wherein the marriage of two poets is involved, a delicate literary operation is called for: joined though they may be in holy matrimony, in the interest of their individual identities husband and wife have to some extent to be separated: and here, dominant poet but by no means dominant partner, it is Robert Browning who has skilfully been detached from the connective tissue that for fifteen years involved him in the day-to-day activities of the woman he loved. This condition established, Elizabeth is released for the concentrated attention which the author believes to be her due. Based almost exclusively upon original sources, Mr Taplin's *Life* can be described as the first complete and authoritative study, critical as well as biographical, of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. As such, it is unlikely to be superseded, and must remain for many years to come a standard biography which is also an illuminating and indispensable work of reference.

Mr Taplin – Herculean task! – has read almost every letter that Elizabeth ever wrote. He is admirably patient with all the vagaries, vapidities and vapours of his EBB: only occasionally (for Elizabeth was composed in alternate streaks of genius and downright silliness) is there to be overheard between the lines the deep, deep sigh of good nature stretched to the limit of endurance. The author has been at pains, nonetheless, to give careful consideration to every aspect of her literary activity, from random marginalia, to a hitherto undiscovered notebook in which fifty books are discerningly analysed by this ardent young blue-stocking. Very occasionally, Mr Taplin is capable of an error of judgment: as when, commenting on Horne's essay on Miss Barrett in *A New Spirit of the Age*, he writes: 'While she

TOMORROW IS MAÑANA

A Village in Andalusia

SHIRLEY DEANE

author of 'Rocks and Olives'

An intimate and unusually vivid portrait of a small village in Andalusia where Miss Deane now lives. Characters throng the pages as they do the village square, Concepción the fisherman's wife with her brood of children who sings when she is starving, Pig-cut-up the village carrier who can imitate a donkey or a full-scale air battle, the gipsy *limpiabotas* who recites Lorca as he cleans the shoes, all are dominated by the outspoken Rabelaisian Hermosa the cook. This is a book which will not be easily erased from the memory.

Illustrated, 18s net

The Life of ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

GARDNER B. TAPLIN

The most comprehensive biography of Elizabeth Barrett Browning yet published. The author had access to Elizabeth Barrett's pocket diary for 1823-26 and has quoted from hitherto disregarded marginalia, and is the first biographer to use the letters to Miss Mitford and H. S. Boyd. Invaluable to the student and of great interest to the general reader. *Illustrated, 42s net*

A TIME TO KEEP SILENCE

PATRICK LEIGH FERMOR

author of 'The Traveller's Tree'

'This book, written by a layman for other laymen, could hardly be better of its kind. The control and lucidity of the author's prose make evident his innate feeling for discipline—though, still how livingly beautiful his descriptions are! He is a master of prose.'—*The Tatler.*

'Not only an admirable piece of travel writing: it is also a brilliant piece of human exploration.'—*New Statesman*

Illustrated, 15s net

JOHN MURRAY

was never vain about her looks, she could scarcely have been pleased when she read that she was "deeply conscious of the loss of external nature's beauty".' The reference here, of course, is to natural scenery, and not to what Elizabeth herself calls 'the rust of time' in a human face.

Perhaps the most novel part of Mr Taplin's work is that dealing with the early years at Hope End. These have been, hitherto, all too sparsely documented. But time, which effaces so much, also releases much: of the Hope End period, three letters only were available to F. G. Kenyon in 1897: sixty years later, with two hundred at his disposal, Mr Taplin has been enabled materially to enlarge our knowledge of that curious household, with its Turkish minarets, its great billiards-room ornamented with Moorish views, its mahogany folding-doors inset with stained glass and with mother-of-pearl. More interesting still is the light thrown on Mr Barrett. Married at nineteen to a woman several years his senior, Edward Barrett exhibited as a husband all the peculiarities of conduct that were to become so notorious in his Wimpole Street days. His plans for his family were made without notifying anyone – least of all his wife – of his intentions. To her daughter, on one such occasion: 'How little did I think', wrote poor Mrs Barrett, 'when I saw you drive away . . . that I was not to see those dear faces again for ten long months'. This very unpredictability, nevertheless, seems to have given Mr Barrett an added attraction in the eyes of his family. In Papa's absence, Ba once wrote, the house seems very 'dull'.

BETTY MILLER

An Anthology of German Poetry, 1730-1830, compiled by Jethro Bithell, has been published by Methuen at 18*s*.

Bachelor Boswell

Boswell in Search of a Wife. Edited by FRANK BRADY and FREDERICK A. POTTLE. *Heinemann*. 30*s*.

The latest delivery of Boswell for the general reader, from the Yale gold mine, is a mixture of old and new material and is something of a compilation. It is not comparable in interest to the London *Journal*, but the editing is skilful and the English reader is no longer irritated by the over-explicit notes put in for the American public in the opening book of the series. The present one covers the period 1766-69 when Boswell settled successfully to the law in Edinburgh, wrote the Corsican book which made him a fashionable and successful author and turned his mind to matrimony; the substance comes from the Journals and from the letters to Temple. These have been known for a long time. The new material is in Temple's letters to Boswell, in notes of a conversation with Dr Johnson and manuscript scenes from the *Life*. What Boswell's life was like when he set about finding a wife has been ingeniously put together.

As the editors point out, Boswell is beginning to mature in this period. He is still absurd and adds a new vice to his repertoire: drunkenness. We have to be careful about his absurdity, his vanity, his flightiness and so on; they appear strongly because of his vivid method, the nature of his curiosity and a simplicity of character which lead him to dramatise himself. Although often reprimanded by his friends, he is found to be clever and stimulating in society. He is not indolent; the whole confession, his hard and distinguished work at the law and his books, show us that he is a laborious, self-improving man who is fascinated by his own lapses into fatuity and into ridiculous, sordid or fanciful passions. There is a solid side to him. He is the proud heir conscious of a place in society. The scapegrace son is bent on measuring up to the father who, he thinks, has rejected him. He has also the distinction of starting a revolution in biography and in writing about himself he struggled with a difficulty which has successfully stimulated novelists in our own time. Boswell was truly prophetic:

> I find it impossible to put down on paper an exact journal of the life of man. External circumstance may be marked. But the variation within, the workings of reason and passion, and, what perhaps influences happiness most, the colourings of fancy, are too fleeting to be recorded. In short, so it is that I defy any man to put down anything like a perfect account of what he has been conscious during one day in his life, in any degree of spirits. However, what I put down has so far an effect that I can, by reading my Journal, recall a good deal of my life.

In 'external circumstance' he certainly succeeded. The key phrases in the foregoing passage are: 'the life of man' (*i.e.*, he is not interested in himself in the spirit of secretive egoism alone, but out of curiosity about human nature in general) and 'the colourings of fancy'. In those words he recognises that we are all artists of some kind in our lives. He values what the moralists had despised: the flow of fantasy. He may have been too vain, too calculating, too given to self-dramatisation to know what other people were like – he clearly invented, for his convenience, a character for all the women who affected him – but he cherished the important fact that we are a wonder to ourselves, and abolished the delusion of human consistency.

Boswell's early pursuits of heiresses, beauties, even a gardener's daughter, are comical, conceited or silly. He can hardly have had a good reputation and he did not impress as much as he thought he did. His susceptibility was genuine but no more than flattering. He was also, we suspect, always looking for something better. Boswell needed strength and ballast in those he admired; these qualities stabilised him. His marriage to his cousin was prepared for by long friendship and by the tolerant, candid affection of the lady who had nothing of the minx, the termagant or the censoriousness of his other 'beauties'. His conversations with his cousin and their letters are – to our surprise – moving. We knew Boswell had genius ; we had not realised that he had the capacity for serious love. His cousin was willing to have him without fortune; she had none herself. The romantic who saw himself strutting brilliantly on all occasions, who absurdly appeared in Corsican dress at Stratford, who importuned the great, was convinced by a woman of genuine and not over-bearing heart. The last thing Boswell's Journals would prepare one for is a step so moving. There are many disagreeable things in Boswell's character – his closeness about money is far more than a foible; it is a constitutional meanness and where money is concerned, his famous regard for the warmth of his nature sounds hypocritical – but what redeems him in folly or brutality, is his seriousness. It contains both his genius as a writer and his foundation as a comic character.

V. S. PRITCHETT

What Went Wrong?

The Unquiet Years. By HERBERT AGAR. *Hart-Davis*. 15*s*.

For nearly four years the United States fought an efficient 'non-political' war according to a neat formula. It went like this. (1) Beat the Germans. (2) Beat the Japanese. (3) Do nothing that might obstruct post-war agreement with the Russians. American politics and strategy were both bent to serve these objectives – and the success of the first two made the failure of the third more shocking. Mr Agar's book is a brief attempt to explore the consequences of that shock, to explain why and how Americans reacted to the discovery that once again victory had made the world neither safer nor more peaceful.

This is an interesting book. I can best describe it by saying that it reads like the transcript of intelligent and sophisticated conversation. For all its brevity, perhaps because of its brevity, it may make much of what has happened in the US during the last ten years more intelligible to British readers than far more pretentious texts. Mr Agar sees clearly the dilemma which faced the United States at the end of the war. Whatever the Republicans might say, there was nothing wrong with the Yalta agreements except the overwhelming difficulty of getting the Russians to observe them. Insist? All right . . .

> . . . but what do you insist with, if your generals overawe you when it comes to occupying the politically important spots, and if your voters overawe you when it comes to maintaining an army? Potsdam supplied the answer: you don't insist: you take what you can get, and pretend to like it.

This, then, was the first thing that went wrong. It is really no answer to say that the US had atomic supremacy at that time: the political mood of America was such – and the Russians knew it – that this supremacy could not be effectively deployed, at least not until it was given a first trial in the Persian crisis. Even then, even after Britain's incapacity to prop up Greece had forced the proclamation of the Truman Doctrine, there was no coherent American policy. Men like For-

restal might believe that the cold war, or something hotter, was inevitable. But it is quite wrong to say that the Americans started the cold war. On the contrary, the cold war began when Washington reluctantly stopped giving way to the Russians, and began to re-engage America in Europe. For his first two years in the Foreign Office Ernest Bevin was obsessed by one problem: how could the Americans be persuaded to plug the holes left by the shrinkage of British power?

Once the trick had been turned, of course, it was a different story. For, to turn the trick, American complacency had to be shaken by a series of scares into finding the money and the men to support a foreign policy thrust upon the country. And, as Mr Agar shows, by that time there were new complications. The Republicans had lost the 1948 election; Chiang had lost China; America had lost its monopoly of the atom bomb. These three things led, with the help of the Hiss and Fuchs cases, to the witch-hunt and the intrigues of the Korean war period. These events are carefully related in this book, and anyone who wishes to understand how closely they are inter-connected will find Mr Agar a careful guide.

Yet, at this point, the book tails off unaccountably. Mr Agar carries the story along to 1950 at an even pace; it is sustained more or less up to Mr Eisenhower's election in 1952. Then it drifts to a rapid end, with the most cursory study of the last three years. The description of the President's conception of his office – the Whig conception of Congressional supremacy rests oddly upon a man who enjoys as much power and more prestige than any of his predecessors – is well done. But there is no attempt to analyse the shift in American policies in the last two years, no discussion of co-existence, disarmament, or the German problem, nothing but a rather vague nod towards the Bandung conference. This is a pity. The clarity of the first part of this book leads the reader to expect that the current scene will be illuminated as clearly as the immediate post-war years: then, disappointingly, he is turned loose in the contemporary half-light. Mr Agar has fallen five or six chapters short of a really stimulating book.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

More About John Henry

Letters of John Henry Newman. Edited and Introduced by MURIEL SPARK and DEREK STANFORD. *Peter Owen.* 25*s.*

The Political Thought of John Henry Newman. By TERENCE KENNY. *Longmans.* 21*s.*

To the ordinary student of human nature, Newman's great fascination is that he becomes more of an enigma the longer we look at him. His equivocations, his subjectiveness, his self-consciousness, his almost terrifying capacity for introspection – all this, when joined to his genuinely saintly character and incomparable English prose, makes him a unique figure for contemplation. There is the bitterness too, the nagging sense of ill-usage, the way in which, as Miss Spark rightly points out in the introduction to her section of this book, 'hardly anything happened to Newman in a simple manner, without a fuss.' Time and again in this new selection from his letters, we watch him retorting upon himself, as a bout of energy and strife is succeeded by a relapse into lethargy and despair. As Mr Stanford remarks, at heart Newman loved controversy. Though his mind was one of the subtlest of the nineteenth century, his nature was strangely virginal and dualistic. Mr Kenny reminds us that 'he rested in "the thought of two and two only supreme and luminously self-evident beings, myself and my Creator"'. There was God and there was John Henry: as for the rest, 'what a veil and curtain this world of sense is!' For all the devotion he inspired, Newman seems to have had very little psychological knowledge of other people. I believe the reason for this apparent paradox is to be found in that chapter of *Newman's Way* in which Mr Sean O'Faolain describes the curious blend of logic and spirituality – the 'application of logic to mental, or may one say, to spiritual processes' – which was such a feature of the Oriel Common Room (see Hurrell Froude's notebooks) and which so deeply characterised the early Tractarians. As Mr O'Faolain says, the subtlety of this kind of spiritual and ecclesiastical analysis 'enchanted Newman – all his dialectic, all his spiritual search is coloured by it.' It was this peculiar mental discipline that gave him his extraordinary authority over his contemporaries, an authority glimpsed in a letter to the Romanizing F. W. Faber, reprinted in this collection:

> Really I have a great repugnance at mixing religions or worships together, it is like sowing the field with mingled seed. A system is a whole; one cannot tell the effect of one part disjoined from the rest. All this you know better than I can state it. Observances which may be very right in Saints, or in a Church which creates saints, in a communion in which the aids of grace are such and such, may be dangerous in a communion which has them not. I do not like decanting Rome into England; the bottles may break.

Yet this very mental subtlety, so heady to the devout and logic-chopping young clerisy of Oxford, proved inevitably a stumbling-block to Newman when he went over. Those years of waste and pain, of abortive schemes and valiant but sterile efforts (the Irish University, the Biblical translations, the college at Oxford) were not altogether the result of Rome's inflexibility. Granted that Manning systematically thwarted Newman's Oxford plans, that Cardinal Barnabo was two-faced, that Mgr Talbot was Mgr Talbot, that the Irish bishops (with the powerful exception of Cullen) had most of them a touch of the bog. The fact remains that Newman was himself to blame for much of the misunderstanding and suspicion he aroused. He was (as Mr Stanford makes strikingly clear, in quite another connection, on page 91 of this book) an unholy equivocator. To the tired and harassed men with whom he had to deal, he must often have seemed a thorn in the ecclesiastical flesh. Practical and busy prelates and priests, their subtleties, unnurtured in the Oriel Common Room, were mainly psychological. '*Blande et suaviter*', as Barnabo recommended, they put their greatest convert out to grass.

The present selection of letters is divided into two parts with two separate introductions, Mr Stanford taking Newman's life as an Anglican, Miss Spark dealing with him as Catholic. Though Mr Stanford writes eloquently and percipiently, his scholarship is just as faulty this time as it was in his recent selection from Fénelon's letters, reviewed in these columns last May. 'Whatley' for Archbishop Whately three times is really not good enough for one who presumably knows his *Apologia*. And what are we to make of 'Keble's poem [*sic*] *The Christian Year*', so 'generally under-rated nowadays'?

These blemishes apart, this book is an admirable introduction to John Henry the man. Bowden's death, the surprise meeting with Arnold at the Oriel Gaudy, the strange Damascus that Newman experienced when he went

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down into Sicily alone and caught fever – it is all here, along with the polemic and the old Oxford battle-cries ('the Whigs have before now designed Parr for a bishop'). He is delighted by Cambridge, disenchanted by Jane Austen ('What vile creatures her parsons are! She has not a dream of the high Catholic 'ethos'); discusses the effect of Disestablishment and abuses the *Zeitgeist*: Carlyle, Milman, the economists, the geologists, etc. The strangest passage, in view of Newman's subsequent life, comes on page 58. He is describing his stay in Rome to his friend Rickards and writes:

> Babylon is gone. Rome is a city still, and judgments await her therefore. . . . The revivification of ancient Rome in modern has often been noticed; but it has been supposed that the Christian Church is that new form of the old evil, whereas it is really a sort of *genius loci*, which enthralls the Church which happens to be there. . . . Even were the old spirit dead, the city would be under the curse by which children suffer for their fathers' sins. . . . The Roman sway is still over its ancient territory. . . . Its language is still Latin, which is its bond of union as an empire. Its policy is still crafty, relentless and inflexible, and undeviating through a succession of rulers. It still sacrifices the good of its members to the splendour and strength of the Republic (what can be a greater instance of this than the custom of the forced celibacy of the clergy?). The religion it upholds is still polytheistic, degrading, idolatrous; and so strictly is all this connected with Rome as a local source, that its authorities lose their power if they quit Rome. . . .

In a painstaking, well-documented and rather dull thesis, Mr. Kenny discusses Newman's attitude to 'Liberalism', Church and State, etc. He relates Newman's political thought to that of Burke and Coleridge, shows how greatly his ideas differed from those of de Maistre and has some interesting things to say about how the *Grammar of Assent* and other writings influenced Sorel's doctrine of the myth. It is all going over rather old ground, though Mr. Kenny's final chapter is of considerable interest as showing how strategically right Manning was to concentrate on the education of the Catholic masses rather than upon the upper and upper-middle class laity, as Newman would have preferred.

JOHN RAYMOND

Collected Colette

Close to Colette. By MAURICE GOUDEKET. *Secker & Warburg.* 21*s.*

My Apprenticeships and **Music-Hall Sidelights.** By COLETTE. *Secker & Warburg.* 15*s.*

There are at least three separate Colettes. The first, the legend, is preserved in one of the photographs in M. Goudeket's book. There, pen poised, seated at her writing-table beneath the blue lamp and the barometer, Colette looks shrewdly up at us: her sharp eyes are narrowed through the crinkly fuzz of hair; her lips are set, rouged and a little cruel: a superb, experienced, middle-aged Frenchwoman whom nothing can shock and precious few could deceive. She seems a survivor from another epoch, from the world she described in *Gigi:*

> *un demi-monde qui nous est aujourd'hui totalement étranger, non pas, comme on pourrait le croire, par son immoralité, mais bien par son conformisme. . . . Quelle rigueur dans les lignes de réussite et de puissance, quelle bureaucratie dans les plaisirs.*

This was the world that much of her work epitomised, and from which the names Willy and Colette ring with the far-off echo of period slang, recalling a time when the 'French novel' was something to be concealed in boudoirs, something which called forth delicate periphrases from the pen of Mr Henry James. This was the world—and this was the legend—that many of Colette's admirers mourned at her death.

The achievement of M. Goudeket's memoir is to reveal a second and more genuine Colette. He was her third husband, the devoted admirer with whom she lived for thirty years. When they met in 1925 in the south of France, she was fifty-two, and he was thirty-five. Already in his teens, on reading her, he had told his parents: 'I am going to marry that woman.' When at length he did, his early wealth had vanished: but on his poverty and the ruins of her own past they both built an enduring union. *Close to Colette* contains hints of occasional upsets, but mentions no serious differences – a tribute to both partners and to a deliberate policy of what Colette herself called 'conjugal courtesy.' Right to the end, M. Goudeket cherished and nursed her: his role is sometimes reminiscent of that played by John Middleton Murry in the life of Katherine Mansfield. His book is painfully moving, the more so for its restraint in expressing what others might – and do – more publicly flaunt. During her last days, he says, 'I would watch her sleeping, and the feeling which governed me was that of gratitude . . . . All was well for her, all was ended for the two of us, since everything has to end. I even consider that it was just that I should remain behind and take upon myself the burden of living, the pain of surviving.'

But pain is not the dominant note of these random, affectionate, and absorbing memories. There are many bizarre and amusing incidents: brother Léo's visits, with drooping moustache and pince-nez, a blend of Jacques Tati and Richard Haydn; the Colette perfumery venture, inspired by André Maginot, of Maginot Line fame; the visit to El Glaoui, one of Colette's more rascally admirers: the maiden voyage of the *Normandie*, with the Government representative plaintively asking, after each news bulletin, 'Do you happen to know if I am still Minister?' And through the whole narrative – 'brief notes which do not pretend to exhaust anything, and whose value as sketches I wish to keep' – there emerges a very attractive portrait of Colette. By now she was no longer the '*petit renard en costume cycliste*' that Cocteau had described with Willy at the Palais de Glace: now, as her husband shows, she was '*cette solide Colette qui nous offre de succulentes salades à l'oignon cru et fait son marché en sandales à l'étalage de Hédiard.*' She had, indeed, all the solidity, all the scrupulous housekeeping care, all the energy and concern for detail, that she inherited from her Burgundian childhood. She checked her writing as a good French housewife checks her accounts; and her deepest emotions were not sophisticated out of existence, eliminated in the cause of elegance or *sans-gêne*, but simply controlled and disguised by a native peasant will-power and modesty toughened by a pretty hard life. Far from being cruel, she was tender: far from being cynical, she was open-minded, patient, and trustful.

If this, then, was the true Colette, a correction of the simpler legend, its image will survive in M. Goudeket's book, one of the classics among literary epitaphs. What, finally, of the third Colette, the literary artist? Will she too outlive the legend, or do her books already begin to date? For M. Goudeket, naturally enough, the answer is simple. His whole life is pledged to her greatness and her genius: his book takes them for granted. He is now engaged in compiling the Fleuron edition of her collected works. In the English version, *My Apprenticeships* and *Music-Hall Sidelights* make up the ninth volume of the series which began with *Chéri* and *The Last of Chéri*. *My Apprenticeships*, first published in 1936, when Colette was 63, is a retrospective, slightly rambling account of her life with Willy, her friendship with Polaire, her writing of the early Claudine novels, and her final flight from Willy and his vulgar infidelities. *Music-Hall Sidelights*, originally published in 1913 as *Envers du Music-Hall*, is a slighter anthology of short sketches of life on tour with Georges Wague. The best of these recall another aspect of Katherine Mansfield's life and writings; but all have a liveliness, a vivacity and a feeling of hurly-burly that reveal the boundless energy behind Colette's skill with words. In these translations, by Helen Beauclerk and Anne-Marie Callimachi respectively, the flavour is well caught: only in Enid McLeod's translation of M. Goudeket do a number of Gallicisms still show through. Neither *My Apprenticeships* nor *Music-Hall Sidelights*, of

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course, shows Colette at her most typical or at her best. Many would no doubt feel the Claudine or the Chéri books to be more representative: some might prefer the warmer reminiscences of *My Mother's House* and *Sido*. Myself, I feel that her best books are her studies of animals: there, her naturalistic talent for the world of the senses was fully employed, and her sceptical, humanist philosophy – which robbed her of short-cuts to tragedy – was seen at its most mellow. When all's said and done, she may fall short of seeming a major writer; but her reminiscences and her husband's memoir proclaim her an incomparable woman.

RICHARD MAYNE

New Novels

Angel. By ELIZABETH TAYLOR. *Peter Davies.* 15*s.*

The Club. By ANDREW GRAHAM. *Macmillan.* 15*s.*

Trouble in Muristan. By JOHN MARLOWE. *Cresset.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

Snow Country. By YASUNARI KAWABATA. *Secker & Warburg.* 14*s.*

The Terrible Swift Sword. By ARTHUR STEYER. *Secker & Warburg.* 15*s.*

63: Dream Palace. By JAMES PURDY. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

'Why was the Rider Haggard? Because he had to Marie Corelli!' This delightful period pun used to be a favourite at Edwardian tea-parties; witty spinsters employed it to titillate nervous curates. I am reminded of it by Miss Elizabeth Taylor's heroine. For me the affinity between *Angel* and Miss Corelli is strong; I should mention that it is not very close circumstantially; this novel is in no sense a *vie romancée*. Miss Corelli, if I remember right, was born into the profession, daughter of a journalist and song-writer. Angelica Deverell is the daughter of a homely old body who keeps the village sweetshop and whose sister is lady's maid at the big house.

We first meet Angel when she is in trouble at school. Her dæmon is just about to take possession of her. She is all ready to mount the tosh horse. Soon she is firmly in the saddle. Miss Taylor succeeds immediately in making her a really impressive character, powerful, ridiculous, a little sinister, yet not too hideously unsympathetic. That insensate best-seller's egotism, only just – if indeed at all – this side lunacy and crime, is very nicely conveyed; so is the peculiar blend of high-flown bosh and talent displayed in Angel's novels. She storms from success to success, carrying her publisher with her like Joan of Arc carrying the Dauphin. Her conquest of the aristocracy outside whose gates she sat as a child is almost total. She marries one of them, takes another as companion, and comes to live in the original big house. There are, however, as you might expect from Miss Taylor, some unexpected cross currents; she has not been content with a *tour de force*, but goes on, perhaps even for rather too long, conscientiously striving to put as much light and shade as possible into the eccentric's chronicle. This may not be her best book but it is a remarkable display of versatility. What an admirable writer she is! She seems to have the virtues of the *sensitivissima* school of lady novelists without their vices.

The next two books are strictly masculine and satirical. *The Club* should not be missed. It is one of those inspired amateur performances, written as a labour of love. Never have these institutions (you may call them repositories of all that is best in our way of life, temples of sublimated homosexuality, nests of ruling-class agents, or, simply, leather-padded homes from home, according to taste) been given such elaborately detailed treatment. The plot is of the slightest – the consequences of the appointment of a new secretary of the wrong sort to the True Blue Club during the nadir of the economic crisis that afflicted clubland after the war and is yet far from solution – but it amply sustains the baroque decorations. The characterisation is rich and thick. This is a plum-cake of a book, yet the joke is not overdone; the correct note of poignancy, so integral a part of club atmosphere which can turn the most divergent types of human frailty into desirable members of society, is persistently struck.

Trouble in Muristan is short, straightforward, very amusing and well-informed. A piece of historical fiction in which everything is subordinated to crisp story-telling, like a political strip cartoon, it yet finds room for two or three nice portraits of Levantine Arab politicians and fixers behind the scenes. Old Middle East hands will perhaps be able to recognise some of the models. The setting is a neat blend of Lebanon and Syria. The crisis, a temporary uprush of socialism, partly due to the American ambassador's insistence on democratic forms at the polls, in the usual corrupt state with the army trafficking in hashish, is soon over. The moral is simply that, as we have seen in the case of Egypt, this pattern cannot be repeated indefinitely. Mr Marlowe is to be congratulated on making it all so entertaining and so plain.

An interlude for a meditation on the sufferings of Japanese women at the hands of Japanese men. Their penchant for suicide, sometimes expressed in mass-leaps into Fujiyama, becomes more than ever understandable after reading *Snow Country*. This is the story of a deeply melancholy lust-affair between a business man and a professionally inferior type of Geisha girl at a country hotel which combines the amenities of bath-house and brothel. The emphasis is on the setting, which is described in limpid, animation-suspending detail, and the subjective sensations it provokes. The sad girl, Komako, is an impressive character and there is obviously a powerful descriptive talent at work here. Despite the author's extreme detachment from present-day politics, the effect is as if he were a red-hot social realist. He leaves you with the feeling that the only hope is a matriarchal revolution.

We now enter by the back door the domain of modern American psychopathological fiction. *The Terrible Swift Sword* is a useful first novel, though a bit overdone and hysterical, about tension and cruelty at one of those appalling military academies which make you count your blessings the moment you start reading about them. The plot turns on the disappearance of a loaded revolver. A 'plebe' is held head downwards in a fire bucket – of water, not sand. There is some quite varied characterisation but you are left with a feeling of some speciousness.

There is nothing specious about *63: Dream Palace*, a long story or short novel about Fenton Riddleway, a young West Virginian adrift in the big city, with his imbecile brother, Claire, whom he (I think) tortures and certainly tries to feed when dead. It is told, with maximum indirectness, by a writer named Parkhearst Cratty at the request of 'the greatwoman', a gin-sipping patroness who reminds me, somehow, of the doctor in Djuna Barnes's *Nightwood*, that Gogol's overcoat from whose folds so much of the new American bisexual literature seems to have emerged to marry with the cult of southern craziness. Some short stories, sketchy and promising, are included. There is no doubt at all that Mr Purdy has real talent but, despite the recommendations of Mr

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Gerald Brenan and Mr John Cowper Powys on the jacket, he has not overcome my genius-resistance. He writes a rather flat circumlocutory prose:

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MAURICE RICHARDSON

Shorter Reviews

The Claimant : The Tichborne Case Reviewed. By MICHAEL GILBERT. *Constable.* 18*s.* 6*d.*

It is another of the strange coincidences associated with this famous case that two major books on the subject should jostle each other so closely. Comparisons, though peculiarly distasteful where both are so excellent, are here inevitable. Mr Gilbert's is the lighter-weight production, it is much less widely documented than Mr Woodruff's and contains less original material, but nevertheless it is a sound and careful study by an author well acquainted with the legal background. His experience in the technique of the detective novel has enabled him to weave the complicated story into an enthrallingly exciting narrative, all the threads are kept clear, hardly an important point is missed, the large cast of picturesque characters come amusingly to life – only in his estimate of Dr Kenealy does he go astray. The curtain is drawn rather too abruptly at the end of the criminal trial, omitting much of interest which Mr Woodruff's book supplies, but in compensation there is an apposite chapter on previous cases of impersonation. The extraordinary difference of opinion among the Tichborne relatives and friends as to the identity of a long lost heir is shown to be quite in accordance with tradition. That Mr Gilbert comes to a different conclusion from Mr Woodruff about the identity of the Claimant is not, one may well believe, because of an unenterprising acceptance of a long-established verdict, but from more experience in the assessment of evidence. Fortunately no trail of bitter feelings has been left by this episode, once so charged with emotion. The public may get much entertainment out of reading both versions and deciding whether a good big 'un will always beat a good little 'un in the world of books.

L. F.

Independent Education: In Defence of the Public Schools. By A. N. GILKES. *Gollancz.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The High Master of St Paul's has written a trenchant, persuasive and readable little book. He gives no quarter and makes no apologies, and yet contrives to appear liberal in mind and reasonable in debate. He likes the Welfare State, admits that attending a public school 'may still involve some element of "privilege," in the narrower and derogatory sense,' and accepts the undoubted fact that public schools are supporters but not promoters of what social differences remain. He claims that the major obstacle to equality of educational opportunity is the difference not between schools but between homes, and yet he opposes attempts to equalise incomes. The 1944 Act lays it down that pupils are to be educated in accordance with the wishes of their parents, 'so far as is compatible with the avoidance of unreasonable public expenditure.' The sting is in the tail. In practice it works out that the only parents who can be dead certain of getting the education of their choice are those who can pay for it.

Although Mr Gilkes attempts an unworthy wriggle about the quality of staffs in the state and the independent systems, he must know in his heart that the most promising recruits from the universities each year prefer to join schools of prestige and tradition, and so ensure the perpetuation there of the best teaching in the world. Only the iconoclast or the ruthless leveller wants to destroy the public schools–the teaching they give is too excellent for the country to do without and they provide a yardstick for the achievement of the state system. But as Mr Michael Stewart said in these columns recently, they must cease to be class institutions, and that is what at present they patently are. Many of those serving the independent schools are uneasily aware of this anachronistic basis and would welcome a 50 per cent entry of bursars financed by the Treasury and selected on merit and suitability alone. Mr Gilkes makes only oblique reference to this critical issue on his last page, but he should have had it in mind when he wrote 'An organism which does not change dies; and the reason for the vitality of the public schools is that they have changed steadily.' Why then should they resist further change? Mr Gilkes can no more resist the tide than could Dame Partington in 1833 or King Canute himself.

W.S.

Company Meeting

Telephone Rentals LIMITED

OPERATING SERVICES

A SOUND AND HEALTHY POSITION

The 28th annual general meeting of Telephone Rentals Limited was held on July 1 in London, Mr. Fred T. Jackson, O.B.E., Comp.I.E.E. (chairman and joint managing director) presiding.

The following is an extract from his circulated statement:

We have had another successful year and the profits have slightly increased.

I referred last year to the great service your Company gives to productivity, and it is quite obvious that not only manufacturers recognise the advantages of availing themselves of our Services, but that our assistance to productivity is also appreciated by the C.I.C.

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT: The Gross Profit of £753,739 is but £7,895 greater than the 1955 figure. This result is somewhat disappointing considering the effort expended by all concerned in dealing with a record amount of business.

CONSOLIDATED ACCOUNTS: The Net Profit of the Group before taxation is £789,103, compared with £790,548 for 1955. After providing for Taxation, the transfers to Reserves, and Dividends, the balance of unappropriated Profits carried forward and attributable to the Holding Company's Shareholders amounts to £252.182.

I think you will agree with me that your Company is in a sound and healthy position.

The report and accounts were adopted.

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Week-end Competition

No. 1,427 **Set by James Bredin**

Filmgoers who saw *Twelve Angry Men* will recall that the advertising agency man on the jury prefaced any suggestion with 'Let's run it up the flagpole and see if anyone salutes it' or a similar expression. On a recent visit to New York I found more examples of this turn of phrase—'Let's get down on all fours and see it from the client's point of view', or 'Let's run it round the block and see if the wheels fall off'. The usual prizes are offered for the best three catch-phrases of this kind suitable for use in the British advertising world. Entries by 16 July.

Result of No. 1,424 **Set by Scythrop**

The usual prizes are offered for an epigram (limit 6 lines) on any of the nine Muses.

Report

Every Muse had her votaries, but can it be that the tuneful Nine have grown lazy with the passing centuries? It was not only the Muse of tragic poetry who seemed to have (as Nancy Gunter put it) 'such trouble with her feet'; and some of the rhymes to Thalia, Erato and Melpomene were hardly in the classical tradition.

Two guineas (to buy a crown of myrtle) to Margaret Dunnett; a guinea to each of the authors of the other starred entries. Leo Spero's tribute to Mnemosyne is perhaps strictly outside the terms of this competition, but it deserves to go on record.

*When CLIO strayed and Toynbee took her home
She put on weight and turned the scales twelve tome;
Seduced by Somervell, she slimmed discreetly
And now his pair of stays fits Clio neatly.

MARGARET DUNNETT

*Strange, that nine Muses and no more are known,
Yet every poet keeps one of his own!
If I, no laureate, may presume to choose,
She who inspires *Anon* shall be my Muse.
THALIA! Does that twinkle in your eyes
Mean n.b.g., 'commended,' or . . . a prize?

ALBERICK

*When first, a child, I heard its sound
Your name seemed apple-sweet and round
Its liquid joy I muddled up,
With French and Keats and cider cup,
Yet still you stay the Muse for me
So bless my rhyme, MELPOMENE.

F. C. C.

*Nine sisters now confront my brilliant son:
Pray God he choose a rich and lusty one;
And mark, like Roper, CLIO's beck'ning air.
Leap for her bed, and wake up in her Chair.
For History's lovers last until they're dead,
Revered, reviewed, eccentric and well-fed.

CHRISTOPHER DRIVER

*Chaste ERATO, Maid Parnassian,
Muse of Poetry of Passion,
Under thine enchanting spell
Beau apostrophises belle.
Little need, then, to inquire
Why thy symbol is a lyre.

F. B. JULIAN

O POLYHYMNIA, muse of the multiple voices!
Have not your dreams come true with community singing? sweet noises
Choral societies and massed choirs full of exquisite poises –
Or is a tribute you value much more the song of Rolls-Royces?

WALTER HEYDECKER

Ah, CLIO, when you started it
You were a simple maid,
And bore yourself in innocence,
So modestly arrayed;
But now how very smart you are
In modish Taylor-made!

E. C. JENKINS

Charleston, Black Bottom, Jive – TERPSICHORE
Inured to these, grew tough as hickory:
And this was fortunate, since now, poor soul,
She must perforce preside at Rock 'n' Roll!

G. J. BLUNDELL

O, Muses Nine, most fair, most stodgy dames,
I seem to have forgotten all your names,
And further, though my self-esteem it irks,
I can't recall your individual larks.
D'you think your dear Mama perhaps might help me?
Now, what's her name? I can't remember, swelp me!

LEO SPERO

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

BAKER St. Newly dec. furn. living-room & bedroom, h. & c., with 'phone & use kit. & bath. Const. h.w. Suit young prof. woman. WEL. 8813.

YOUNG woman, artistic interests, seeks 1 or 2 similar, share small house Streatham till Aug. 11. Box 3731.

TWO young men with large flat near Queensway wish to share with two or three others. Box 3728.

TO let: furn. flatlet, h. & c., own kitchen, gas stove. Also double room with h. & c., cooking facils. FIT. 0773.

OFF Finchley Rd., nr. Hampstead Heath, cheerful sgle., dble. rooms, kitchenette, garden. Permanent/temporary. SWI. 2684.

FURN. sgle. bed-sit rm., mod., clean, quiet house, const. h w HAM. 8698.

TWO well-furnished bed-sitting rooms, own kitchen, near Hornsey Town Hall, North London. MOUntview 1425.

ST. John's Wood. Accom. in mod. block. C.H., etc. Kitchen (Kosher or vegetarian) to intelligent gentleman. Box 3747.

YOUNG lady reqs. another to share attractive flat. 3 gns. FRE. 5533 evgs.

ST. Marylebone. Single & double accommodation with partial board available during summer months. 'Phone MAI. 4154.

ROOM to let. Single woman. £2 15s. Gas cooker. C.h.w. N.W.8. PRI. 4398.

TO let, comfortable single bed/sit. room, suit lady. MAIda Vale 4912.

FLAT, double bedroom, lounge, kitchen, 3 gns. weekly. Light. linen included. L.A.B., GER. 9050.

BUSINESS or prof. woman. Large part-furn. bedsitting rm., period house Richmond. Own ckr., share bath. Tel. Box 3699.

WESTMINSTER: Bed-sit. rm. in pleasant private house, cooking facilities, cleaning, linen; suit gentleman; 50s. p.w. Apply: 23 Maunsel Street, S.W.1.

OWN bedroom. Use kit., bath., lounge. Regent's Park. 3gns. incl. gas & elect. PRI. 2353.

HIGHGATE Woods. Divan-room. 2gns. References exchanged. TUDor 8207.

TO let July 25-Sept. 7, furnished house Putney, very large garden, 5 bed., 3 rec., kit., etc., tennis court. Whole or part. Live-in maid can stay if reqd. Reas. rent to reliable tenants. Box 3613.

LARGE dble. bed-sit. from Aug. 1. Mod. block nr. bus, tube. Share kit. with 1 lady. 5 gns. p.w. or 4 for 1 pers. PRI. 3112.

TWO young ladies wanted to share house with two other Canadian ladies, London. £2 p.w. each. Box 3786.

ENQUIRIES invited for accommodation for groups visiting London mid-July to late September. Single bedrooms, common-rooms, gardens; quiet district. Apply: Vacation Lettings Secretary, King's College Hall, Champion Hill, S.E.5.

N. LONDON House to let, 3 wks. July 27-Aug. 17. 1 dble., 6 sngl. beds., 1 child's bed., 1 cot. Garage. Garden. 6gns. p.w. 18 Fitzalan Rd., N.3. FIN. 2934.

3 mins. Highgate Stn., sunny, furn. room. All facils., elec. MOU. 4685.

NEWGALE Sands, Pembrokeshire, 4-berth caravans. Farm site. Vacancies July-Sept. Sheppard, Withybush, Haverfordwest 277.

CARAVAN, exclusive farm site, nr. Downs and sea, nr. Steyning, Humber, College Farm, Spithandle Lane, Steyning, Sussex.

POOLE Riviera. Large caravan. July, Sept., Oct. Birch, 100 Holland Rd., W.14.

HOLIDAY accom. available to mid-July, nr. West Pembrokeshire coast. Box 3541.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

BACHELOR, mid-30's, careful tenant, reqs. unfurn. or partly furn. flat. S.W., W. or N.W., S. Ken./nr. pref'd. Box 3610.

SET-SQUARE reqs. flat London two weeks from July 27. Sleep 4. Box 3759.

ARTIST & wife (teacher) req. unf. inexp. flat (no prem., no f./f.) from Aug. Anywh. Lon. pref. Hamp./H'gate. Box 3758.

QUIET yng. cple. req. part/unf. 3 rms., k., b., gdn. Max. 1 hr. Baker St. 1-2 yrs. Buy hse./bung if 90% m'gage. Box 3762.

FLAT wanted London 2-4 weeks late Aug. early Sept. Write Dore, University of B.C., Vancouver, Canada.

LONDON Univ. Lect., wife, baby, want furn. flat, use of gdn., for one year. Box 3467.

DOCTOR & Wife, Eng., yng., no children, req. furn. flat L.A.B., GER. 9050.

PROF. people urgently seek to rent house permanently suitable two families, radius 40 miles London. Box 3735.

CHEERFUL furn. flat or b/s. Lond. or Richmond for yng. bus. wom. Box 3692.

ABOUT-to-be-married schoolmaster desperately needs Oxford flat, pref. unfurn.: R. Louis, New College School, Oxford.

PROPERTIES TO LET

ATTR. old s.-d. furn. cott. for 2, Helmdon, chp. rent, long let. Box 3712.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

LONDON, close Kensington High Street, non-basement house divided two s-c. flats. Vacant poss. both. Freehold £6,500. Stamp please. Box 2841.

WEMBLEY Park. 3 dble. bedrooms, 2 recep. (18ft. × 13½ft. & 15ft. × 13ft.). Breakfast room. Kit., bathroom, both half-tiled. 2 sep. w.c.s. Cent. heating. Large garage. Well-stocked garden. A freehold terraced house situated on high ground in a 1st class residential area. Very convenient for tube, shops, schools, etc. Rateable value £53. £3,250 for quick sale. 'Phone WEM. 8505 to view.

STUDIO-Flat. Eldon Road, W.8. Studio 28 × 17 feet. North light. Bathroom, small room, cooking facilities, paved garden. 99-year lease £4,00. Box 3671.

EXCEPTIONAL cottage, luxuriously modernised, 3-4 beds., 1 acre garden-orchard, garage. Edge N. Notts village, extensive view. £1,500/offers. Box 3806.

LITTLE City, St. David's, West Fembs. Old-world mansion, 13-16 bedrooms, 4 large reception rooms, 3½ acres. Sea Views. Water. Electricity. Reasonable price. Ideal for hotel. Lees & Thomas, 2 Castle Square, Haverfordwest.

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WHATEVER the fashion, we're against it. "Point," the only literary journal interested in truth. 1s. 6d. from Pick and Atkins, 170 Westbourne Terrace, W.2.

A LABOUR Government—how soon? That depends largely on the current "Labour Policy Battle," which Palme Dutt examines in the July Labour Monthly. Also: "Workers' Councils in Poland" (W. Gomulka); "Conspiracy Down Under" (Gordon Schaffer), etc. Order 1s. 6d. all newsagents. Or 9s. half-yearly from N.S., 134, Ballard's Lane, N.3.

"THE Humanist" is the journal of Scientific Humanism (monthly 1s., p.a. 14s.). Spec. copy, "Living with Reality," and Bertrand Russell's "Faith of a Rationalist," free. R.P.A., 40 Drury Lane, W.C.2.

MAN'S World now contains a 32-page Male Art Photography Supplement. 1s. 6d. monthly from all newsagents.

THE Nation, America's leading Liberal Weekly. Subscriptions £2 16s. 3d. yearly may be sent through the Publisher, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Specimen copy on request.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht. R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

WE buy books. Left emphasis. Van calls. Wanted: Borkenau, Communist Internat'l; Spanish Cockpit. The Hammersmith B'shop, W.6. RIV. 6807.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms. Libris. 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

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Britain in Europe

at the

CENTRAL HALL · WESTMINSTER

LONDON SW1

9th JULY 1957 at 7 pm

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SPEAKERS

Rt. Hon. Harold Macmillan MP

Monsieur le President Guy Mollet

Doktor K-G Kiesinger M. d B .

Rt. Hon. Alfred Robens MP

Sir Robert Boothby MP

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THE UNITED KINGDOM COUNCIL OF THE EUROPEAN MOVEMENT

38 Parliament Street SW1 · Whitehall 2242

City Lights

Summer Sales

The rump of the City, sweltering in mid-summer tedium, has hurled itself into the Stores scramble with the energy of exasperation. It began with 87-year-old, staid and unprofitable John Barker of Kensington High Street, a group which includes the parent's apparently rival neighbours, Pontings and Derry & Toms. Two weeks ago the shares stood at 64s. 6d. Then they began to jump, 3s. 9d. one day, 5s. 3d. the next. The City began to talk about a takeover (people have been taking over Barkers for years), the chairman stated that he had no knowledge of any takeover moves. The shares went up another 3s. 9d., another 5s. The City kept talking, speculating and above all buying; institutional investors took their chance to sell while the going was good, but the rise went on. Then the Board admitted that certain proposals about an intended offer for the shares had been made (they were 91s. 6d. by this time): the City began to talk about House of Fraser: Mr Fraser countered with a 'no comment.' Finally news came that House of Fraser was making an offer – a little cash and a lot of shares with restricted voting rights. On the current price of House of Fraser shares, the offer was worth 124s. and Barkers rose as high as 117s. 6d. Then the reaction set in – would the institutions (who are having a war on non-voting shares at the moment) wreck the offer, would they – merely by selling their Fraser shares – so depress the price as to reduce the effective value of the bid? What would the Board suggest? Would a rival bid be made?

What next was Gamages. If Mr Fraser was on the warpath again, so might Mr Wolfson be, and Mr Wolfson was supposed to have been interested in Gamages some months ago. The Sunday papers blew on the sparks for all they were worth, and on Monday, as their readers rushed to buy the few shares available, Gamage jumped from 50s. 9d. to 75s. before the reaction set in. Interest has not yet disappeared, though people who bought at 75s. are beginning to wonder why – 'the press,' as Mr Gamage remarked, 'seems to know more about our affairs than we do ourselves.'

* * *

A couple of months ago the managing director of Shell Tankers addressed the Institute of Transport and pointed out that statistics, so far as they went, suggested that there would be a considerable surplus of tankers over the turn of the decade. Even now, tanker freight-rates have fallen to their lowest level for two years (a fact which has induced the oil companies to make further cuts in their prices) and it is difficult even for the most modern vessels to cover their operating costs. British Petroleum has decided to lay up nine small tankers of its fleet at Falmouth for the time being.

All that being so, it seems an odd time for BP to choose to announce a new £80m tanker programme – 26 large vessels for delivery in 1960-3 which will bring its total fleet up to 210. The decision is more reasonable than it sounds. The tanker surplus in 1959-61, even if it emerges, may be only temporary and the big oil companies are reluctant to let the Greek operators take an even larger share of what profits may be going. But two points are interesting. One is that the oil companies are now apparently ready to risk a row with the independent tanker operators, who will inevitably be left to carry the worst effects of any tanker surplus. The other is that BP, on a matter where the statistics leave a great deal to blind choice, should be ready to differ so conspicuously from Shell.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 399. The Last Straw

Some players, within (or even beyond) the bounds of decency, put off the evil moment of resignation: maybe they think of Tartakower's famous dictum that no one has ever won a game by resigning. To prove that such a policy may well pay dividends, this position should serve as a grim warning. / 8/ 5qpk/ 6Q1/ 7P/ 7K/ 4B1P1/ 16. White was getting annoyed about his opponent's stubbornness, and when at long last and with a friendly grin Black played . . K-R1 White took it as a polite form of resignation and grabbed the Q in a flash; whereupon Black was just as quick in salvaging a precious ½ point by . . . P-Kt4-Kt5 ch. Mistakes, of course, are bound to happen, and a good thing too, since, but for one's own and the other fellow's mistakes Chess (and Life) would be a dull game. And to quote Tartakower again: the mistakes are all there, they are just waiting to be made, such as in this position, (Norman-Palme, 1941): /5rk1/ BP6/ 8/ 6pp/ 2R5/ 5p2/ 5K1b/ 8/. White played (1) R-B8, and instead of countering by the obvious . . . K-B2, so as to provide the R with a badly needed refuge at g8 or e8, Black blundered . . . P-Kt5, whereupon (2) B-B5! *should* have forced Black's resignation; should, but didn't, for Black played on manfully . . . P-Kt6 ch; (2) K-K3, P-Kt7; (3) RxR ch, K-Kt2. So far so good, and had White now simply played KxP Black would have had to resign. But now came what Saemisch calls the most incredible blunder he has ever witnessed. White had evidently forgotten that the R on f8 was no longer the opponent's but his own, so he refrained from taking the BP and instead played (5) K-Q2, whereupon the game fizzled out to a quick draw by . . . P-B7; (6) RxP, P=Q; (7) R-B7 ch KxR; (8) BxQ, B-Kt1.

Here now, reported by Kurt Richter, is a position amply proving (if proof were needed) that chess is a game of chance. /7Q/ 5p2/ 4k1r1/ 2Pp4/ 4bP2/ 8/ 5K1P/ 2q5/. White was about to resign, but he remembered the old adage: Never miss a check, it *might* be mate. And here, lo and behold, it was: (1) Q-K8 ch, K-B4; (2) Q-K5 ch, K-Kt5; (3) P-R3 ch etc. And finally—Hamming-Wackers, 1940—one more position to prove that one should never say die, / 5k2/ R4P2/ 8/ 5PK1/ 8/ pr6/ 16. After (1) . . . P-R7; (2) K-Kt6, R-Kt6 ch; (3) K-B6, how could Black stave off the threatened mate? He did quite easily, and rather than say how, I might as well save my **A** diagram and make this the 4-pointer for beginners. For the usual 6 ladder points **B**, a win for White, is a neat little P-ending. **C**, a draw, is a famous classic, and quite a beauty too, though hardly too difficult for 7 points.

Usual prizes. Entries by 15 July.

B: Lindemann 1957

C: Leonid Kubbel 1934

REPORT on No. 396. Set 15 June

A: Q-R8 ch and mate next move.

B: (1) B-Q3, KxB; (2) K-B2, Kt-B8; (3) RxP, P=Q; (4) R-Kt1 ch, K-R7; (5) R-R1 ch, KxR, stalemate.

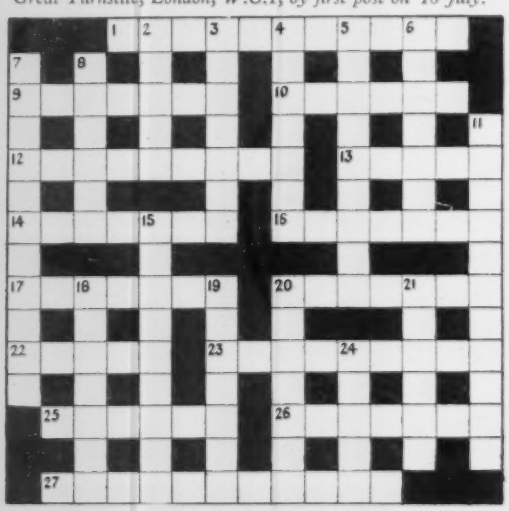
C: (1) B-Q7 ch, KxP; (2) B-Q6 ch, K-R7; (3) B-K6 ch, K-R8; (4) PxKt, P=Q ch; (5) KxQ, RxP; (6) K-K2! etc.

An easy lot and plenty of correct solutions. Both the Platov and the Herbstmann seemed to please competitors. Prizes shared by S. N. Collings, M. G. Harman (Junior), W. T. Maccall, J. Mitchell, L. Perry, M. B. Yeats.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 258

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 258, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on 16 July.



ACROSS

1. To be stationed in a branch of the army somewhere in England (11).
9. Restoration incorporating the modern in the authentic (7).
10. "To ——— you by the heels would amend the attention of your ears" (*K. Henry IV, pt. 1*) (6).
12. The philosopher gives a mythical figure a negative backing (9).
13. You dub, by the sound of it, to get together (5).
14. Controls the flower in the writing (7).
16. Roman raid confounded in a Chinese dynasty (7).
17. A vessel up for the sauce (7).
20. Terse study in the inexpert (7).
22. Annoys the informers (5).
23. Longing for the darling in the embrace of a number of coppers (9).
25. In what remains a relative makes a meal (6).
26. Weapon which disperses gases in front of the main road (7).
27. Plant which apparently provides food for Munnings (11).

DOWN

2. Classical scholar appearing as an artist with an appropriate tie on (5).
3. Charges afresh for a changed article resold (7).
4. Arraign one member apiece (7).
5. Wine for the doctor of a foreign language (9).
6. Composer or explorer in one (7).
7. Mark designs adapted for sewing (11).
8. Fruit for a liar without one (6).
11. An Assyrian king, he is in bed under a shrub (11).
15. Diana's people may appear in Eastern shapes (9).
18. Weapon which may be enclosed by M. and B. (7).
19. "Single men in barracks don't grow into ——— saints" (Kipling) (7).
20. Boy about to design part of the world (7).
21. Immaturity characteristic of a man on a general degree course (6).
24. Street radio turned up for the matches (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 256

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 256

Mrs J. Kirkby Thomas (Mansfield), B. T. Southby (Orpington), H. R. Norman (Sheffield 10).

PERSONAL

FOSTER-home required in the Home Counties for intelligent boy aged 9 years. Further particulars obtainable from the Children's Officer, Thomas Coram Foundation, 40 Brunswick Square, London, W.C.1.

GERMAN boy, 20, good family, desires to spend three weeks with English family whose son similarly received by German family. Write Behne, Siegfriedstrasse 21, Hamburg-Rissen.

ITALIAN lady student, 25, excel. family, domiciled Florence, wishes exch. visit English student about 6 months. Box 3702.

HOME help with small baby offers services, references. Box 497, Smith's Library, Maidenhead.

FARMER and 2 kids need domestic help mid-Aug.-end-Sept. Must be prog. and understanding. Student or like. Box 3761.

CORNISH Coast. Expd. woman tutor cd. coach Aug. (G.C.E.—Maths., French—boys pref.). Moderate terms. Rolfe, 15 Regent Sq., W.C.1.

SUGGESTIONS wanted inexpensive holiday 3 people first half August. Primitive cottage near sea, mountain perhaps? Box 3660.

WRITER requires free-lance work. Experienced. Good, varied qualifications. All suggestions considered. Richard Easton, M.A., Braydon Oak, Marlborough.

FRENCH teacher (50) (f.) reqs. f. comp. own expenses, travel down Rhone, train, plane. Approx. Jy. 20 (?), 15 days. Box 3700.

YNG. couple wish to make up foursome for Costa Brava, Aug. 18-31. Box 3717.

TEACHER (f.) sks. int. Aug. job pref. Lond., abroad. Anyth. consid. Box 3793.

YOUNG painter (sgle.) sks. space to live & work. Studio or lge. rm. with good light. Reas. rent. Would consider sharing flat or house with another bachelor. Box 3534.

TEACHER, f., 35, versatile, handy, seeks interesting job. August. Box 3580.

EDUCATED woman, fluent French, Italian, good German, long business experience in book trade, seeks position as Librarian or Interpreter. Box 3582.

OFFERED: 2 seats Zephyr to Côte d'Azur Sept. 3 ret. 25. Share exps. Box 3604.

ITALY—2 seats avail., out Aug. 31 to Venice, return from Florence (home by Sept. 22) or 1 m., 1 f., to join whole tour including Rome and Naples. Wright, 20 Winchester Road, N.W.3. PRI. 8308.

DOCTOR now research student (25), driver, speaks Fr., It., Ger., Sp. seeks low cost car trip &/or hol. Continent. Self & wife, 2-6 weeks bet. Aug. 17-Sept. 30. Box 3745.

PROPOSED cheap flight to Israel. Leaving September 22, returning October 22. Inquiries: Box 3753.

LYRICS & Sketches wanted for Revue; also blood-curdling 1-act plays. Submit to Irving Theatre, Leicester Square.

GENTLEMAN, with Estate Car, going South of France Sept., wishes to share trip & expenses with another or others. Must be gay & amusing company. Box 3527.

CO-DRIVER and passenger wanted for tour of Switzerland, Italy and France sharing expenses. August 3-20. Box 3609.

YOUNG lady with small flat on Elba would share (female) July/August. 'Phone Mr. Shinkfield, COV. 2389.

BACHELOR (33) graduate engineer seeks correspondents to form mountaineering party late 1957. P.O. Box 212, Ottawa (Std.), Canada.

DORDOGNE and Pyrenees: 15-day camp tour, repeat by request; Aug. 17; immed. booking advisable. PRI. 4068. Box 3802.

SPORTSMASTER, 29, free July 27-Sept. 6, go anywhere, do anything—work or play. Has energy, enthusiasm, money, good liver. Driver, Continental experience. Suggestions: Box 3569.

BACHELOR (34) seeks another to tour Scandinavia, A.30. August? Box 3657.

INFORMATION of car-seat for experienced driver (male, 23), to Florence, late July, rewarded with drink. Box 3658.

BACH., 41, sks. m. companion for holidays, etc. Cultural interests. Box 3727.

PARTNER wtd. buy/run small hotel, ctry., with unconv. business idealist (f.) on novel lines. Reply in confidence. Box 3659.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept. C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd., Regent Hse., Regent St., W.1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We also offer an interesting booklet giving dets. & fees for our Courses & Criticisms, & success letters from students.

THE I.G. Year & Cosmic Science-Religion. Send s.a.e.: C.S.R., 30 City Rd., E.C.1.

FOREIGN girls seek domestic posts, pref. "au pair." Anglo-Continental Bureau, 140 Walton St., S.W.3. KEN. 1586.

GERMAN Claims are prepared and lodged through German Legal Agency by Dr. jur. L. Herzisch, LL.B. (Lond.). Appointments wherever convenient. Tel. Reading 50071.

PERSONAL—continued

WOULD N.S. & N. readers care exch. for Progressive & Nation? Contact R. Marshall, Ingle Neuk, Arbroath, Angus, Scotland.

MRS. G. Guy. Wrong address given. Please telephone PERivale 7512.

MIDLANDERS interested cultural discussion group invited write Box 3241.

GRANADA, city of Falla and Lorca. If you know no Spanish, or if you know a great deal, there is a Course for you at the Sacro Monte now till August 24. Join when you like: stay as long as you like. Details of this pleasantest, most intelligent and cheapest holiday from Instituto de Lenguas Modernas, Apartado 244, Granada, Spain.

ITALIAN, French or German knowledge for your holiday. Easy, quick and successful method. Also coaching up to University entrance. Mrs. Chanda, HAM. 7322.

FLORENCE. Accommodation offered in private house w. garden. Room and bkfst. 18s. Mrs. V. Hopfen, Bellosguardo 24.

AUTHORITATIVE Reports on MSS.: Proof-reading; book reviews; indexing; rewriting—all kinds of literary work undertaken by lady with publishing exp. Box 3696.

HOLIDAYS not yet arranged? We can still fit you in to some of our arrangements on the Continent or in Britain. Phone or write: Erna Low Travel Service, 47 (NS) Old Brompton Rd., S.W.7. Ken. 0911, 9-5.

CHILDREN over 10 welcomed to mix with children from France for summer months in Woodland Property in Chilterns (800ft). Information from: The Town & Country School, 38/40 Eton Avenue, N.W.3.

SE comprendre c'est la paix. The Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1, and now also, at Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Rd., W.8, for conversation and tuition in foreign languages. Continental Snack Bar. SLO. 9595.

HUMANISM is a modern outlook. Write: 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, London, W.8.

VITAL Community meets to explore and promote progressive ideas in a pleasant and friendly atmosphere. Write Sec. (D), Progressive League, 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2.

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PAYING guests, acc. & exchanges in gd. fam. wanted for Continental children/studs. W. End, seaside, cntry. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd. S.W.7. KNI. 4132/KEN 8806.

KNOW-HOW means Writing Success for You. No Sale—No Fees Tuition. Free N.1. "Know-How Guide to Writing Success" from B.A. School of Successful Writing, Ltd., 124 New Bond Street, W.1.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and Reservists.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington, S.W.7. KENsington 8042.

HOW to Write and Sell. Send today for free folder, "What's in it for You." The Writer, 124 New Bond St., London, W.1.

FAMILY Planning without contraceptives. Confidential brochure giving detailed explanation of medically approved method used by millions of couples throughout the world now avail. 1s. post free. Gynometer Advisory Centre (CU), 16 Ingestre Place, W.1.

TYPEWRITERS. Modern Portable machines for hire from £1 monthly. Tel. Robert Ropkins. WEL. 6655 for details.

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WRITE for Profit. Send today for interesting free booklet, Regent Institute (Dept. E/191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

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TOM Long tobacco? Yes! my boy, the only smoke that gives me joy.

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FLORENCE. Paying Guests, not more than 3 accepted by lady in her villa on Florentine Hill. Two grand pianos, car available. Quiet atmosphere. Mrs. Trog, La Gaiea, 34 Suor Maria Celeste, Florence.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL

VAN GOGH. Dear Theo, Sunflowers and chairs are chrome yellow in Arles with Paul Benedict, sincerely Vincent. Free leaflet, 1st Floor, 13 Panton St., S.W.1. TRA. 2592.

TOUR of Turkey new Austin Microbus party 6-8 persons, camping or hotel, Aug. 7-Sept. 7. All land travel. £35 ea. Box 3663.

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PARTY going Southern Austria Aug. 11. Good hotel. 15 days 32gns. Two places. Also July 28 (due cancellation). Lakes, mtns., gaiety. T. Forman, 135 Pollards Hill Sth., S.W.16. POL. 2230.

TRAVEL to Oxfordshire for holidays at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon. Country walks, boating, lazing; house facilities incl. music (piano, guitar), studio, library, foreign lang. contacts (Italian, French, German).

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The wisely virginal (and possibly also the prudently promiscuous) apply early for copies of Harold Ingham's programme of "Summer Schools Abroad." Now, alas, little remains to offer but do write for a copy of the current programme for information, and I shall be pleased to put your name on the mailing list to send you the 1958 programme in January.

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SCHOOLS

NEW School, Kings Langley, Herts (co-ed. day and boarding). Based on Steiner methods, avoiding early specialisation. Nursery ages, 3-6. Lower school, 6-14. Upper school, 14-18. G.C.E. exams. Transport for younger children within 5 mile radius.

THE Town and Country School, 38-40 Eton Avenue, N.W.3. (SWI. 3391.) Small group weekly or full boarders accepted, boys and girls 5-18. G.C.E., Advanced and Scholarship standard. Week-ends and holidays Hedgerley Wood, Chinnor Hill (16 acres woodland Chiltern Hills, 750ft.) Realistic approach to modern education. E. Paul, Ph.D.; M. D. C. Graham, M.A.(Oxon).

INDIVID. teaching in group for children retarded by emotional difficulties. Mrs. Flynn, B.A., 12 Lamballe Rd., N.W.3. SWI. 3653.

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YOU threw a party last night, didn't you? If you can pluck up courage to look into what used to be the drawing-room, you may find a bottle of Duff Gordon's El Cid Sherry among the debris. (You may.)

READERS' MARKET

FOR Sale: Encyclopædia Britannica, 1956 edition, three-quarter leather bound, brand-new, must sell—owner emigrating—£100 o.n.o.; Portuguese Linguaphone; Amplion/Collaro radiogram, full working order, £8.

WANTED: Edmondson's Baronagium Genealogicum.

Send no money or goods in reply, but write first to N.S. Readers' Market (separate letter for each item). The charge to advertisers is 5s. first, 10d. each additional word and covers the cost of forwarding replies.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

PRINCIPAL Scientific Officers. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for pensionable posts (a) Admiralty, 9; (b) British Museum-Natural History, 1; (c) Department of Scientific and Industrial Research, 9; (d) Ministry of Supply, 20. Age at least 31 on December 31, 1956. Candidates must have 1st or 2nd Class Honours degree, or equivalent, in an appropriate subject and at least three years' approved research experience. Candidates exceptionally well qualified by experience may be admitted without the academic qualifications. For all posts candidates must have had several years' appropriate experience and be of proved research ability. Under (a) 5 posts are for physicists, 1 for a physical chemist, 1 for a mechanical engineer, and 1 for an electrical engineer. The posts are at naval establishments in the southern half of England; duties involve taking charge of research design and development work. There is also a mathematics post for the analysis and reduction of data. Under (b) a specialist in the taxonomy of European Flowering Plants is required. Under (c) Three of the posts are at the Laboratories at Teddington—1 in the Ship Division, 1 in the Radiochemistry Section and 1 in the Metal Corrosion Section; 1 is in the Road Research Laboratory at Langley, Bucks, 1 at the Mechanical Engineering Laboratory at East Kilbride, near Glasgow, for experimental and theoretical research in hydrodynamics and low speed aerodynamics, 1 at the Low Temperature Research Station at Cambridge for research on food microbiology, 1 in London to act as liaison officer in the field of processing and metallurgy, 1 in Edinburgh to act as liaison officer on matters relating to scientific research and development. The work entails extensive travelling and lecturing, and 1 in London on administrative duties on Departments scientific policy and its choice of programmes and allocation of resources. The posts for (d) are classified under Applied Mathematics, Physics, Aeronautical and Mechanical Engineering, Electrical Engineering, Chemistry, and Metallurgy for work on guided weapons, electronics, aerodynamics, radio, radar, etc. Fuller information about the duties and the kind of experience expected is given in the memorandum. Salary (London) minimum £1,375 (women £1,288). Men's scale maximum £1,950. Exceptionally, starting pay above minimum. Somewhat lower outside London. Women's scale is being raised to reach equality with men's by 1961. Application forms and memorandum from Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, 30 Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting S4714/57/16. Applications to be returned by July 18, 1957.

SENIOR Experimental Officers. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for pensionable posts: (a) Ministry of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food; (b) Department of Scientific and Industrial Research; (c) Ministry of Supply. Age at least 31 on December 31, 1957. Candidates must have a University degree, or a professional qualification or Higher National Certificate in appropriate subjects. A Higher School Certificate (or equivalent) with mathematics or science as the principal subject may for some posts also be accepted. Candidates exceptionally well qualified by experience may be admitted without the academic qualifications. For all posts several years' appropriate experience is required. Under (a) 1 post. Duties: to take charge of two experimental kitchens—candidates must have a sound knowledge of cooking, nutrition, and food chemistry. Organising and lecturing ability and experience of large scale catering necessary. Under (b)—5 posts; Two are at the Road Research Laboratory, Harmondsworth—one for work in connection with the civil engineering services of the Laboratory and the other for editing work and the preparation of bibliographies, in collaboration with the senior Scientific staff of the Laboratory, on matters of road making materials and traffic and road safety; one at the Mechanical Engineering Research Laboratory at East Kilbride, near Glasgow; one at the Hydraulics Research Station, Wallingford, Berks, to take charge of the experimental work on problems connected with open-channel flow; one in London in the Technical Information Unit for which a reading knowledge of German and experience in a technical records section is desirable. The 15 posts for (c) are classified under Applied Mathematics, Physics, Aeronautical and Mechanical Engineering, Electrical Engineering for work on guided weapons, electronics, aircraft equipment, etc. Some posts require knowledge of chemical engineering, applied physiology (clothing), and metal corrosion. Posts requiring experience of technical information work for which candidates may apply irrespective of scientific background may also be included. Fuller information about the scope of the work is given in the memorandum. Salary (London) minimum £1,285 (women £1,191). Men's scale maximum £1,530. Exceptionally, starting pay above minimum. Somewhat lower outside London. Women's scale is being raised to reach equality with men's by 1961. Application forms and memorandum from Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, 30 Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting S4713/57/11. Applications to be returned by July 31, 1957.

DRAUGHTSMAN wanted, with experience of Sheet Metal Machines or Machine Tool Work. Non-contributory Pension and Assurance Scheme. Write, stating age, experience and salary required. F. J. Edwards, Limited, 359, Euston Road, London, N.W.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

GLACIER Metal Co., Ltd. A Training Officer is required for an expanding Personnel Department to co-ordinate and administer training activities throughout the factory. His duties will include organising and supervising Apprentice Training; conducting courses and classes in technical subjects; undertaking the training of managers and supervisors; inducting new employees; safety training; aptitude and intelligence testing, etc. Applicants should preferably have served an engineering apprenticeship or have had equivalent workshop experience and have a technical qualification of O.N.C. or Final City and Guilds Certificate standard. Some teaching experience or an insight into the learning process is desirable. An ability to communicate in a clear and attractive manner is essential, as is the capacity to establish good relationships with people at all levels. The factory is a modern one situated close to the Ayrshire coast and provides a pleasant working environment. A generous salary, superannuation benefits and possibly some assistance with housing, awaits the successful applicant. Applications, containing full details of age, qualifications, experience to ate, present position and salary, should be sent to the Personnel Manager, Glacier Metal Co., Ltd., Kilmarnock, Ayrshire.

B.B.C. requires Clerk for Persian Section in London to translate and summarise letters and report on reaction to B.B.C. Persian transmissions as revealed in correspondence, newspapers, etc. Thorough knowledge of Persian and English and ability to translate either way and to draft reports in English necessary. Ability to type in Persian and English desirable. Starting salary £10 6s. rising to £11 18s. p.w. plus 10s. p.w. Language Allowance. Write to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within a week, marking applications SC.297 N.Stn.

AUSTRALIA—University of Adelaide. Applications are invited for appointment as Reader or Senior Lecturer in Studies in the Humanities for Medical Students. The duties will be to interest and guide first-year medical students in general reading in the humanities and in the history and philosophy of science, with perhaps some emphasis on their relation to the profession of medicine. The Reader or Senior Lecturer will be a member of the Faculty of Medicine, will be responsible for his teaching duties to the Dean, and will have considerable freedom in determining their nature. It is provisionally expected that the teaching will broadly comprise a not very extensive course of lectures supplemented by a good deal of tutorial work. The salary scale for a Reader is £A2,200-50-2,400, or for a Senior Lecturer £A1,800-70-2,150, with superannuation on the F.S.S.U. basis, and if the successful candidate be medically qualified, a special allowance at the rate of £200 or £150 a year respectively may also be paid. The successful candidate will be expected to assume duty early in 1958. A copy of the general conditions of appointment of lecturers in the University, with particulars of the information to be supplied by candidates, may be obtained from the Secretary of the Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1, or from the Registrar. Applications should reach the Registrar, University of Adelaide, Adelaide, South Australia, not later than July 31, 1957.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

AUSTRALIA. University of Queensland. Applications are invited for the position of Professor of English Language and Literature. Applicants should hold a higher degree, preferably a Doctorate, should have taught at University level in a senior position and have carried out substantial research in a field of English Language or Literature. The salary is £A3,000 per annum. Further particulars are obtainable from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Applications close in Australia and London on August 31, 1957.

AUSTRALIA. University of Adelaide. Applications are invited for appointment as Reader or Senior Lecturer in Social Studies. The Senior Lecturer-in-Charge of the Department of Social Studies will be on leave during 1958 and will retire at the end of the year. The successful candidate will be required to act as Head of the Department during 1958 and will become Head in 1959. It is desirable that the successful candidate should assume duty on or as soon as possible after January 1, 1958. Status and salary will be determined in relation to the qualifications and experience of the successful candidate. The salary scale of a Reader is £A2,200—£50—£2,400; that of a Senior Lecturer is £A1,800—£70—£2,150. A copy of the formal terms of appointment and a statement about the Department, with particulars of the information to be supplied by candidates, may be had on request to the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1, or to the Registrar. Applications should reach the Registrar, University of Adelaide, Adelaide, South Australia, by July 31, 1957.

LECTURER in the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in the School in some branch of Tropical Medicine including experimental medicine, clinical medicine, parasitology, entomology or hygiene. The lecturer will be a member of the home establishment, but will be expected to serve in the tropics in a selected station or in a University or similar institution. The appointment will be made for five years in the first instance. The salary will be within the range of that for Lecturer Grade II (clinical) with F.S.S.U. allowances, the starting point being determined by qualifications and experience.

Applicants must be medically qualified and should have had previous experience in their chosen field. Experience in the tropics is desirable but not essential. The successful applicant will be expected to take up his duties as early as possible during the session commencing October 1957. Applications, including the names of two referees, should be forwarded to the Administrative Secretary, Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine, Pembroke Place, Liverpool 3, by August 31, 1957. Further details may be obtained from the Administrative Secretary.

CITY of Bath Education Committee. Bath Academy of Art, Corsham Court, Wilts. Principal: Clifford Ellis. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer, who will be required to act as Warden of women students. Salary—Pelham Scale plus residence. Candidates should be graduates, preferably in English, with good teaching experience. Application forms and further particulars may be obtained from the Principal. H. W. Brand, Director of Education.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

FELLOWSHIP in Clinical Psychology for potential research worker. Applications are invited from psychologists, interested later to take up an appointment to do research in early social development of children, for a Fellowship to enable the holder to undertake a two-year course of full-time training in clinical psychology. Some knowledge of psychoanalysis and/or ethology and/or Piaget's work and previous research experience desirable but not essential. The Fellowship is valued at £600 per annum and help towards a personal analysis may be provided later should the Fellow wish to undertake it. Further details from Dr. John Bowlby, Tavistock Institute of Human Relations, 2 Beaumont St., London, W.1. Applics. by July 15.

AUSTRALIA. University of Melbourne. Applications are invited for two Lectureships in History. The interests and qualifications of one lecturer should lie in the field of Mediæval European History, and of the other in British History of the Seventeenth Century. The appointees will be expected to commence duty not later than March 1, 1958. The salary will be £A1,300 to £A1,800 per annum according to qualifications, with annual increments of £50. Superannuation is similar to F.S.S.U. in Great Britain. Further particulars may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Applications close in Australia and London, on August 16, 1957.

AUCKLAND University College (University of New Zealand). Applications are invited for a Lectureship in Modern Languages (Italian). The salary scale for the position is from £1,025 to £1,275 per annum, by three annual increments. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in New Zealand and London, is August 15, 1957.

AUSTRALIA. University of Melbourne. Applications are invited for two positions of Reader (or Senior Lecturer) and Senior Lecturer in Statistics. Applicants should be qualified in mathematical statistics and, for the more senior position, widely experienced in the application of statistics to practical and managerial problems. The salary ranges are £A2,200 to £A2,400 for a Reader and £A1,850 to £A2,150 for a Senior Lecturer. Initial salary will be determined by qualifications and experience. Superannuation similar to F.S.S.U. in Great Britain will be provided. Conditions of appointment may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Applications close in Australia and London on August 15, 1957.

AUSTRALIA. University of Tasmania. The University invites applications for the position of Lecturer in English. The salary scale is £A1,500-£A1,750 with annual increments of £50. The appointment will be offered at a commencing salary commensurate with the qualifications and experience of the person to whom an offer is made. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses and housing assistance is available. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is August 12, 1957.

VICTORIA University College, Wellington, New Zealand. The Council of Victoria University College proposes shortly to appoint a Senior Lecturer in Accountancy and invites applications from suitably qualified persons for this post. Applicants should have practical experience of accounting and some knowledge of public accounting would be an advantage. University training and teaching experience is desirable but not essential. The salary will be £1,315 per annum rising by annual increments of £50 to £1,615 per annum. The initial salary will be determined according to the qualifications and experience of the appointee. An allowance is made towards travel and removal expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Closing date for receipt of applns., in N. Zealand and London, is July 15, 1957.

UNIVERSITY of Durham. King's College, Newcastle upon Tyne. The Council of King's College invite applications for the following posts in the Department of Extra-Mural Studies. (a) Organising tutor/lecturer in Zoology and/or Botany. (b) Staff tutor in History, to specialise in the History of the Northern Counties. In each case the age range most suitable is 25-27 years. A good honours degree is essential. Commencing salary at an appropriate point on the scale £800×£50—£1,350 with superannuation under F.S.S.U. Both posts are centred on Newcastle but the appointees will be expected to teach in either Northumberland, Cumberland or Westmorland. Closing date for application August 25, 1957. Further particulars and forms of application may be obtained from The Director of Extra-Mural Studies, Joseph Cowen House, 153 Barras Bridge, Newcastle upon Tyne 1. G. R. Hanson, Registrar of King's College.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the temporary post of Assistant Lecturer in Economic Statistics. The appointment will extend for a period of two years from October 1, 1957. The salary scale is at present under review, and is expected to be within the range £700 to £850 per annum, with membership of the Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than July 13, 1957 to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in Ancient History. Salary scale £700 to £850 per annum with membership of the F.S.S.U. and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than July 17, 1957, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

SUTTON and District Hebrew Congregation, Surrey. Qualified Principal Teacher required for newly founded Jewish Nursery School, to open in September. Morning periods for children 3-5 years. Sal. in accordance with app. scale. Reply with full personal details to Hon. Principal, Rev. M. Rose, B.A., 5 Worcester Gdns., Sutton, Surrey.

SIDCOT School, Winscombe, Somerset. Required for September, resident Housekeeper for co-educational boarding school, 250 persons, under Quaker management. No catering is involved. Apply to the Bursar.

SURREY. September or sooner, Science Teacher (man or woman) with some maths., Geog. or French; resident in small "Progressive" school, moderate but adequate salary; outstanding opportunity for imaginative teaching of small groups of intelligent friendly children. Write fully to The Principal, New Sherwood School, Epsom.

LONDON, N.W.11. Full-time teacher (female, non-resident) required to prepare girl, 16, for G.C.E. Box 3591.

BEDFORDSHIRE County Council—Health Department. Appointment of Social Worker. Applications are invited for the post of Social Worker on the staff of the County Medical Officer for work with problem families. The possession of an academic qualification in social science is desirable but not essential. Experience of family case-work or other forms of social work is necessary and the person appointed will be selected for his or her personal qualities and approach to the work rather than on academic qualifications. Salary on A.P.T. Grades I/II, of the National Joint Council for Local Authorities' Staffs viz.—£543 5s. to £691 17s. 6d. Commencing salary according to experience. Travelling allowances on Council's Scale. Possession of a car desirable. Loan facils. available. Applns. (on forms obtainable from County Medical Officer, Health Dept., Phoenix Chambers, High Street, Bedford) should be submitted as soon as possible.

MID-Herts Group Hospital Management Committee. Interesting and unusual residential posts available in home for psychotic and maladjusted children aged 3-10, 20 miles from Central London: Night House Mother, capable, motherly Woman required. Responsible post, but not hard work. House Mothers (2), one S.R.N., and the other to relieve Matron. Candidates must have had good experience in residential work with children. Junior Assistant House Mother. No previous experience necessary, but candidates must have keen interest in child welfare. Holiday arrangements honoured. Applications to Secretary, Bleak House, Catherine Street, St. Albans, Herts.

TWO Full-time Psychiatric Social Workers reqd. for child guidance work initially at Hounslow Child Guidance Centre. P.T.A. quals. & salary. Experience essential. Prescribed conditions. Application forms (stpd. add. env.) from Borough Education Officer, 6 Lampton Rd., Hounslow, returnable by July 31 (quote V446, N.S.N.). Canvassing disqualifies.

THE National Association for Mental Health requires case worker with experience in the mental health field to work in the Advisory Case Work Department in a team of case workers which includes Psychiatric Social Workers. Consultant Psychiatrist attends for weekly discussion. Salary according to qualifications and experience. Superannuation optional. The General Secretary, or Miss Addis, will gladly answer enquiries addressed to 39 Queen Anne Street, London, W.1. Tel. WELbeck 1272.

CHILD Care Officer (Male). Social Science or H.O. Certificate Child Care reqd. Able to drive car. Travelling expenses and subs. allowances. Salary APT. I/III according to experience, plus London Weighting. Superannuation. Supervision of boys aged 12-21. Headquarters London. Apply in writing by July 15, 1957, stating age, qualifications, experience, enclosing copy testimonials & names of 2 refs. to Children's Officer, Thomas Coram Foundation, 40, Brunswick Sq., W.C.1. Readvertisement.

HOUSEMOTHER, wanted for new Reception Home, near Chelmsford, for twenty children. Salary £404 × £15—£465, less £115 for emoluments. Must be experienced or trained and would be in charge on occasions. Apply Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

GENEVA office of voluntary relief agency offers position to young man or woman willing to asume heavy and varied workload to assist director. Drafting ability in English, fluent French and typing required. Work includes usual secretarial duties, attendance of conferences, human contacts, etc. Box 3675.

MIDDLESEX County Council Education Committee. Non-Nursing Matron reqd. at Wavendon House School, Nr. Bletchley, Bucks (accommodates 60 educationally subnormal senior girls). Salary £384 7s. 6d.-£435 12s. 6d. p.a. plus res. accom. valued at £225 10s. p.a. in return for supervisory duties. Responsible for catering and organisation of domestic work. Prescribed conditions. Application forms (stmpd. add. env.) from Chief Education Officer (GP/EB), 10 Great George Street, Westminster, S.W.1. (Quote V 480 NS.) Canvassing disqualifies.

FAMILY Service Units' pioneer service for "problem families," developing rapidly with official support, has vacancies for social workers in London and several provincial cities. Exacting but rewarding work, affording unique experience and thorough training in family casework. Social science training and previous experience of social work desirable but not essential. Resident and non-resident posts, for men and women. Non-resident scale £425/£25/£650; children's allowances; pension scheme. A few senior posts, with wide scope and interesting prospects, at higher salaries, available for suitably qualified and experienced caseworkers. Write to Secretary, F.S.U., 25 St. Mary's Grove, N.1.

WESTMINSTER Hospital, S.W.1, require Psychiatric Social Worker for work with both adults and children, out-patients and in-patients. N.H.S. Salary scale. Experienced applicants without Mental Health Certificate considered. Post vacant early August. Particulars from VIC. 8161, Extn. 325. Applications, giving two referees, to House Governor.

WOMEN'S University Settlement, 44 Nelson Square, London, S.E.1. Group-work Organiser (man) required September 1 to lead Junior Boys' Club, organise work with 14-18 Boys and Mixed Groups and advise Young Adult Club. Salary £500 × £20—£600 plus Family Allowances, non-resident. Interest in small group approach essential; relevant experience, training desirable. Further information from the Warden. (WAT. 5958.)

INDEPENDENT school for maladjusted children urgently require married couple (no children). Wife as cook, husband, gardener/handyman. Flat available. Apply in writing to The Principal, Bylands School, Stratfield Turgis, Nr. Basingstoke.

ASSISTANT Welfare Officer required in September to work in the County of Devon. Salary according to experience. Apply The Secretary, Devonian Orthopaedic Association, Wonford Road, Exeter.

SUMMERHILL, Leiston, Suffolk. Teachers for Science, English, History, Geography, French. Teaching couple with one child suitable. Degree or training essential. No problem teachers please. A. S. Neill.

PART-TIME Woman Leader wanted—3 or 4 nights—salary according to experience, etc. Apply within 14 days: Chairman, Peartree Girls' Club, 131 Handside Lane, Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

JAMAICAN Manageress required for new factory at present under erection in Kingston. Principal products will be Underwear designed by a leading American House. Applicants should have minimum G.C.E. standard of education, age between 25 and 35, have a pleasant personality and a genuine desire for progress. Preference will be given to applicants who have had previous experience in the Sewing Industry, although this is not essential. A full training course in London of approximately six months is contemplated. This is an ideal opportunity for a young woman with a career in mind and with the interests of the people of Jamaica at heart. Apply, in own handwriting, to Box 3709.

APPLICATIONS invited for interesting post as secretarial assistant at the Central Office of Workers' Educational Association. Accurate shorthand and typewriting essential. Capacity to extract and summarise information from questionary forms and other documents and experience in preparation of matter for letterpress printing desirable. 5-day week; holiday arrangements respected; salary according to age and experience. Applications, marked "Confidential," stating age, educational record and giving details of present and previous appointments, with names and addresses of 2 referees, should be addressed to General Secretary, W.E.A., 27 Portman Square, London, W.1.

LIBRARIAN required to take charge of Society's library. Independent part-time post, pleasant conditions. Salary £350 pa. or somewhat more according to qualifications. Acquaintance with science and languages an advantage. Applications, with particulars, to Assistant Sec., Royal Astronomical Soc., Burlington House, London, W.1, by July 13.

DRAWING Office Checker wanted. Must be experienced in Machine Tools or Sheet Metal Machines. Non-contributory Pension and Assurance Scheme. Write stating age, experience and salary required. F. J. Edwards, Limited, 359 Euston Road, London, N.W.1.

COLLET'S require Managers for: Multilingual Bookshop, W.C.1. Administrative and linguistic abilities (Slavonic and German languages) desirable. Gramophone Record Shop, N.W.3. New shop to be opened shortly for classical and folk records. Administrative abilities and knowledge of music desirable. Salaries acc. T.U. agreements. Superannuation scheme. Apply in writing: Collet's Holdings, 44 Museum Street, W.C.1.

KIND intelligent woman needed pref. Continental as Nannie-Housekeeper to 2 motherless little girls 3 and 7 years old. Daily help avail. Mod. sal. worked hse. with gdn. Own rm. for Nannie. Wages arrgd. Box 3783.

KODAK, Ltd., require copywriter. Experience not essential but evidence of writing ability must be sent with application. Write Dept. 125A, Kodak, Ltd., Wealdstone, Harrow, Middx.

PSYCHOLOGIST requires competent shorthand-typist with secretarial experience, also some experience in social work, either as probation officer, psychiatric social worker or social worker. Good salary for the right applicant. Box 3549.

SHORTHAND-Typist (Pool) required for Westminster district. Aged 21 years or over. Varied and interesting work in pleasant, friendly atmosphere. Commencing salary £9 14s. rising to £10 4s. per week. Hours 9.30 a.m. to 5.15 p.m., alternate Saturdays 9.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m. Good holidays and superannuation provision. Write giving age and particulars of experience to Box 3680.

PROFESSIONAL trade union reqs. Short./typist, comm. salary up to £8 10s. acc. to age. Also Junior for telephone, filing, etc. Office hours 9-5, no Sats., generous holidays. Close Victoria Stn. Apply Box 3724.

POPULAR women's magazine seeks staff to answer readers' queries. Fast typing & good English essential. Age 25-40. Box 3725.

PART-time Assistant Secretary (about 21-30) required. The Regent Institute, 9 Palace Gate, London, W.8.

CLERK-Typist as Personal Assistant. Interesting and unusual job. Shorthand not essential, preferably some book-keeping experience. Hours 9.30-5. Five-day week. Salary scale £400-£530 p.a. Please write fully to Secretary, Family Planning Association Laboratories, 64 Sloane St., S.W.1.

CLERK-Typist for General Secretary's Office. Good educational standard. Hours 9.30-5. Five-day week. Salary scale £400-£530 p.a. Please write fully to the General Secretary, Family Planning Association, 64 Sloane Street, London, S.W.1, marking envelope "Application."

INSTITUTE of Personnel Management, 80 Fetter Lane, E.C.4. Vacancy for secretary-assistant to Information and Publications Officer. The job provides experience in editorial work, proof reading and preparing Journal make-up, and offers scope to someone interested in personnel management and social and industrial problems. Good general education and s/h-typing essential. Five-day week. Luncheon vouchers. Salary according to age and experience; min. rate at 19, £7 10s. Tel. HOLborn 3456, Ext. 109.

FILM Company has vacancies in Press Dept. for (A) Really efficient Shorthand Typist/Secretary and (B) Junior assistant for Press Office. Progressive and interesting work for really capable and intelligent girls. Write briefly to Box 3814.

SECRETARY, 25/35, with good educational background, interested in research. Salary to £10. One of many unusual posts at Portman Bureau, 78 George St. W.1. HUN. 0676.

SECRETARY/Shorthand Typist required for Biochemistry dept. at University College, London (Gower St., W.C.1). Some knowledge of Chemistry and/or Biol. Sci. and previous experience in a scientific dept. desirable; age 25-40. Salary scale £525-£645. Applications to Assistant Secretary.

PEACE News Circulation/Business Manager requires competent secretary. Interesting, varied work. Details from 3 Blackstock Road, London, N.4.

PART/Full-time Box Office assistant with experience of typing. WHI. 8657.

WE now offer attractive well-paid temporary jobs by the week or part-time in all the best districts. Let us help you to choose the one that suits you. Wigmore Secretarial Agency, 67 Wigmore St., W.1, HUN. 9951.

EDUCATED women wanted as temporary typists and shorthand-typists with a variety of excellent firms and public organisations. Short hours and highest salaries. Callers only. The St. Stephen's Secretariat, 316 Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1, and 2 Broad Street Place, Finsbury Circus, E.C.2. LON. 4609.

HOLIDAY relief work for shorthand and copy typists, few days a week or longer. Details Cranbourn Agency, 42 Cranbourn St., Leicester Sq. GER. 3249.

HAVE you tried the West End Coffee Bar Employment Bureau, 4 Macclesfield St., Shaftesbury Ave., W.1. GER. 2848 (3 lines).

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

MAN early 30's, conscientious, domestic, artistic sks. job. Exper. acting, office, cooking, driving. Pref coast/abroad. Box 3817.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

WOMAN (with baby 1 year) requires post as working housekeeper. Box 3672.

MALE, 26, seeks position. Unfortunately no Gen. Certificate. Experienced in library, clerical, photography, typing. Interested in Arts & Literature. Box 3616.

RED haired young woman, would be angry but sunny nature prevails, seeks interesting post, Central London. Well-educated, wide business incl. secretarial exp. Box 3615.

YOUNG woman, University-trained, knowledge French, German, shorthand typing, business experience ranging from couture to civil engineering, looking for interesting post, Central London. Box 3614.

EMPLOYERS seeking able office staff, m. or f., are invited to consult Stella Fisher Bureau, 436 Strand, W.C.2. TEM. 6644.

WHERE TO STAY

LONDON visitors should stay at 98 Palace Gardens Terrace, Kensington, W.8. Pleasant house. Central. Bed & Breakfast. Double 29s. Single 15s. 6d. BAY. 5985.

SML. farm 1 ml. sea. B. & B. £2 15s. p.w. Children under 10 £2 5s. Light eve. meal with the family or use of kit. Stow, Widdicombe Gdns., Nr. Kingsbridge, S. Devon.

SERJEANTS Inn, Eglwyswrw, Crymmych, Pembs. A real country hotel in quiet and peaceful surroundings. Within easy reach beautiful and sandy bays, Pembrokeshire coast. River fishing—trout, salmon, etc., can be arranged. Free House. Bed & Breakfast or prolonged stay. Telephone Crosswell 71.

OLD Jordans Hostel, near Beaconsfield, Bucks. Quaker Conference Centre and Guest House. In unspoilt rural setting amidst the Chilterns. London only 22 miles. Ideal holidays for those who prefer unhurried time and refreshment of mind and spirit. Some family accomm. still avail. Brochure & terms from Warden, or Jordans 2186.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully & remotely situated in heart of Welsh mountains nr. Llyn Geirionydd. Modern comforts, very good food & fires. Friendly & Informal, 6/7gns. George & Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw, Llanwrst 166.

KESWICK. Visit Highfield Veget. Guest Hse., The Heads. Beaut. scenery, gd. food, friendly atmosphere. Tel. 508.

DEVON. "Fontenaye" Gsthse., Combe-martin. Ph. 2366 Cl. sea. (Full Aug.).

BRAZIERS Park, Ipsden, Oxon: see details under "Holiday Travel."

THAMESIDE Beauty Spot for your holidays. Croft House, Burcot, Nr. Oxford. Tennis, Boating, Club Lic. A.A., R.A.C.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms & brochure. Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 126.

EDINBURGH Festival. Superior accommodation 5 mins. city centre. B.b. and b. 17s. 6d. Booking now. Box 3489.

MULLION, Cornwall. Mounts Bay Hotel offers every comfort, h. & c. all rooms, excellent cuisine. Few vacancies for summer months.

BED and Breakfast tourist's guide to Great Britain. 90 pages, 2s. 3d. post free from Ramblers' Association, 48 Park Rd., London, N.W.1.

CORNWALL. 2 miles superb beach. Large guest house, children welcome. Write "Ye Olde Vicarage," St. Hilary, nr. Penzance.

SUSSEX. The Blue Idol, Coolham, Horsham. Historic 16th cent. guest house, fully modrnsd. Good food, large restful gdn., beaut rural surrndgs. Coolham 241.

ROTTINGDEAN, Brighton. Famous seaside village. Old Norton House, on the Green, offers imaginative food, tasteful atmosphere and full cent. heating. From 8½gns. Broch. Tel. 3120. Prop. D. Chapman, M.P.

CORNWALL. Port Isaac. Carnhaven Guest House. Unobstructed sea view. H. & c. Slumberlands. Exc. food, comf. g'teed. Farm prod. Recom. previous guests. 6½-8gns.

CHANTRY Mead, Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford (Hatfield Heath 263) for holidays on lovely Herts-Essex border. Walking, cycling, motoring or just resting. Good food a speciality.

KENT. Bed & Breakfast free from the usual landlady implications in beautiful 16th Cent. house. 5gns. p.w. or odd nights. Meals by arrngmt. Benveniste, Dutch Cottage, The Quarter, Tenterden. Tenterden 97.

800FT. up. Cott., Cumberland fells. Hol. guests welcome. July/Sept. Box 3525.

CARMARTHEN Bay. Holiday accommodation in country house between Laugharne and Pendine. Fine coastal scenery and good bathing. Terms 7gns. with reductions for family party. No vacs. after Aug. 10. Broadway Mansion, Laugharne. Laugharne 25.

CORNWALL. Writer's wife welcs. guests Rafleen Cottage, Fowey. 6½/7 gns. wkly.

A FEW vacancies July & September at Normanhurst, the small, friendly Private Hotel, Sea-front, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex. 6/8½ gns., fully inclusive. Beach but opposite. Vegtn. if desired. Recomm. by readers. Illus. brochures. Hastings 4784.